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CAESAR—THE UNDEFEATED
A POETIC DRAMA

Works by

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT

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DYNAMICS OF AMERICAN POETRY

THE ANTHOLOGY OF CITIES

CAESAR—THE UNDEFEATED

MEDITERRANEAN PORTS



CAESAR

THE UNDEFEATED

A POETIC DRAMA

by

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT

Chairman of American Section, Vice-President and Member of the Council of The
Poetry Society of Great Britain, American Editor of the 'Poetry Review,' Gold Medalist,
Author of 'The Book of Memories,' 'The Sea Anthology,' 'Road Royal,'
'Dynamics of American Poetry,' 'The Anthology of Cities,'
and 'Mediterranean Ports.'

*To This Collection
Sent and Lady Brown
with the compliments of
Alice Hunt Bartlett
Delhi
Feb. 18
1930*

LONDON

CECIL PALMER

49 Chandos Street, Covent Garden
W.C. 2

F I R S T
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C O P Y
R I G H T

Of a Special Edition the first ten copies have been presented as follows:

His Majesty, the King of Italy

The Honorable Benito Mussolini

Two copies to the Congressional Library

The President of the United States

My Brother, Mr. Seth B. Hunt and Mrs. Hunt

My Sister, Mrs. Lucien H. Tyng and Mr. Tyng

My Sister, Miss Helene Bartlett

My Goddaughter, Miss Lucy Hunt

My Niece, Mrs. Warren Brewer and Mr. Brewer

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DEDICATION

THE FORUM

DEDICATED TO IL DUCE BENITO MUSSOLINI, *March 15th, 1929*

Within the Forum, where his voice once stirred
The wondrous world of Rome beneath its spell
And only fragments stand the place to tell,
Where he, with fire of each magic word
Swept all, the bright hours slip, until interred
With consecration of the vesper bell,
By columned grace of each slim sentinel
Within our hearts he is as sepulchred.

Amid the crumbling walls our footsteps bend
And rest beside the Vestal Virgins' shrine;
When setting rays of the March sunlight spend
Their golden tribute on each wishful line
And in the amber glow our thoughts transcend
All mark of death and dissolution's sign.

Although so empty and so lost—this place—
We register in silence eloquent!

Within the same so speakingly are blent
The living features of his handsome face,
His purple robe, with its loose-girdled grace,
His trenchant gifts, heroically spent,
This storied spot is steeped and redolent
Of him, one greatest of the human race!

Throughout the years that followed the great war,
When on horizons seemed not any star,
Groping, man trod, when suddenly he saw
The light of Mussolini from afar. . . .
The fasces emblem on his breast he bore,
Accepting fearlessly his avatar!

When in the orbit of this light, to-day,
One enters, here, it is as if to be
Loosed from the trammels of the false and free
From all the cant of fossilized decay,
From draining doubts that hearts of men betray,
To find once more Youth's everlasting key,
To touch the hand of truth and majesty
(In some miraculously modern way!)

. . . Benito Mussolini, my poor breath,
May I not speak, forsooth serves me but ill:
Within the light of you death is not death
And Caesar steps forth, living from the chill
Of tomblike years and hour incarnadine,
To animate, again, with you life's scene!

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT

Alta Costessa Alice Hunt
Borlett

With admiration
Mussolini

Roma

15 March

1939 - VII

For PETITI
Homo



Photo by Miskin Studio, New York

THE HONORABLE BENITO MUSSOLINI

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INTRODUCTORY SONNETS

IMMORTAL CAESAR

'Who else would soar above the view of men.'

FLAVIUS, SHAKESPEARE

Master of Rome! thy long unswerving flight,
Rising deliberately through the years,
Mounting on distant strands, in many spheres,
Filling the world with honourable light,
That falters never in its pristine might,
Beset by no ignoble human fears,
Relying not on vain applause or seers,
Upleading to the world's then greatest height,
Was an expression of God's endless power,
To show through time an ever widening span,
And to what rich perfection, here may flower
At His desire, the high achievement, man:
Struck down in blood, none living could assail,
Caesar, thus killed . . . who knew not how to fail!

SOUL OF ROME

Rome, you are named Madonna of the Soul,
Surely your guilt was more than passing deep
That he, your noblest son, should one day reap
The Senate's hate and in his splendid role,
Be murdered, that these snakes might reach their goal!
It makes the living flesh of man to creep,
To bring to mind the traitors' ghastly leap,
Upon him there, claiming his life as toll.
But in their thrusts, who laid his body low,
Little they reckoned in their tragic greed,
Those very swords would pierce their breasts as though—
The god of justice pointing to Right's creed,
Would take each life as forfeit for each blow.
So swiftly did the sword of God proceed.

TIME AND THE MAN

'And then, he offered it the third time, he put it the third time by.'—CASCA, SHAKESPEARE.

Ruthless, time's hand pounds through the years to dust
The hero's laurels, tearing his fame down,
Taking from those once great their high renown,
Leaving their trophies to the moth and rust;
Not so—this Caesar—man both great and just,
Stoic and man, who thrice refused Rome's crown,
The arch betrayers thought, destroyed, to drown
That noble form, razed by their daggers' thrust.

His shining legions loved his honoured name,
Commander, worthy of that high estate,
One who sought not to press, the sting of shame;
Caesar! who had no time nor mind for hate,
Exact in honour, merciful in blame,
That life for Caesar could thus terminate!

THE WORLD'S TOP

'The valiant taste of death but once.'—CAESAR, SHAKESPEARE.

He said, 'Save God, the Romans have no king,'
Absent were troops within the city's wall—
When sixty of his friends conspired his fall,
Men lately pardoned, did this vilest thing,
Marking for all time the first month of spring,
And as they crowded round him in the hall—
Unarmed was he—friend ready to their call—
When swift a thrust, a sword and daggers' sting.

—
The world's top is a very windy place,
So men had known before thus tortured, he,
Looking with dying eyes in each man's face,
Where not a lift of mercy did he see,
Drawing his mantle round him, with fine grace,
There in the Senate fell and ceased to be.

THE SENATE HOUSE

'Pardon me, Caesar, for my dear, dear love.'—DECIUS, SHAKESPEARE.

He ceased to be! how mad the mere words sound,
Benumbed the traitors soon learned to their cost,
Themselves within the hell which they had forced,
To which their posts and names and selves were bound,
Why had they not their master nobly crowned?
Now he had ceased to be, and they were lost!
The last great rubicon he now had crossed
And they were lost, like battleships aground.

He ceased to be? No, no, a thousand noes,
Alone though lay his tortured body there,
And flown in terror were his ghostly foes,
While lying in his blood his fine head bare,
In honourable light his spirit rose,
The God of gods had found his labours fair.

NOT FOR ONE PEOPLE OR ONE AGE

'But I am constant as the northern star.'—CAESAR, SHAKESPEARE.

Have we such metal to be wrought to-day?
To fashion in a man to meet our need,
To hungry years can we such ingots feed,
Or are we soft and tunneled with decay?
If fate has such an one, why still delay?
There is much more for man that must be freed,
And many are, would follow such a lead:
Ever life's great sea rolls and nations pay.

And thinking men ask oft, How blows the wind?
Reading life's tale in sand and trees and stone,
Tracing the meaning on these tablets lined,
God's multitude shall not be left alone.
Not for one people or one age, designed,
Are the vast patterns of the night's stars sown.

L' E N V O I

Caesar, a million wreaths for thee, the pyre,
On which thy body burned, is blazing still,
Aye, though thy ashes lie on Rome's high hill,
Each leaf and blade of grass and flower in choir
Ever repeat thy praises and inspire
The modern mind with metal of thy will;
How grand a part the fates gave thee to fill,
Son of the gods, steel fitly tried in fire.

How may our voices to the worth of years
Add weight? . . . Time takes the measure of us all!
Turning, the wheel of fame and fortune veers,
And men become exalted, oft, to fall;
In the immense tribunal of all Time
Thy figure stands immortal and sublime!

CHARACTERS

JULIUS CAESAR—Pontifex Maximus, Praetor, Consul,
Perpetual Dictator of Rome

CICERO

MARK ANTONY

POMPEY

AURELIA—Caesar's Mother

CORNELIA—Caesar's First Wife

CALPURNIA—Caesar's Third Wife

CLEOPATRA—Queen of Egypt

LUCINIUS LUCULLUS

CAECILIUS MATELLUS

LUTATIUS CATALUS

MARCUS CRASSUS

MARIUS AEMILIUS LAPIDUS

} Leading Romans

CASSIUS

MARCUS BRUTUS

DECIMUS BRUTUS

CASCA

} Leaders of the Conspiracy
against Julius Caesar

CAESAR'S LEGIONS, SENATORS, TRIBUNES, CITIZENS, GUARDS,
GLADIATORS

CAESAR—THE UNDEFEATED

SYNOPSIS

THIS drama is the story of the youth, marriage, manhood and leadership of Julius Caesar, reported to be 'Son of the Gods.' His influence on the civilized world of his day and his lasting influence through the years.

His mother's part in forming his strong character: 'STEEL FITLY TRIED BY FIRE.'

His continuous upward progress, through military victories in Spain, Gaul, Italy, Sicily, Britain, Sardinia and Egypt. The growing jealousy of the Senate accentuated by the disloyal intrigues with Pompey. Caesar's noble treatment of his dead enemy, Pompey.

His magnanimous mastery of Egypt and his meeting with Egypt's young queen, Cleopatra, whom he carried back to Rome to visit in his wife's and his house, and accepted by her. Caesar's bringing Antony and Cleopatra together. The repeated warnings of his coming death from the very men he had forgiven for joining Pompey against him and who were ostensibly his friends.

The plot to stab him in the Senate planned at Cassius' house. His unsuspecting decision to remain at home that day. The going after him and taunting him into coming to the Senate by Decimus Brutus.

Caesar's murder in the Senate—the confusion and flight—the coming on of night—the growing excitement.

The funeral in the Forum—the stampede following Antony's appeal—the great demonstration in Caesar's honour.

The departure from Rome of Cleopatra.

Caesar's murderers destroyed in the following two years by their own hand or assassination.

Tarsus—Meditation—Arrival of Queen and feast in Antony's honour.

Antony's arrival in Egypt and his meeting with Cleopatra.

Cleopatra's recognition of his coming defeat bringing misfortune to her and to Rome.

Cleopatra's soliloquy and death.

Antony's death.

L'Envoi: The influence of Caesar's Roman laws to-day in England, America, Italy.

Caesar—UNDEFEATED BY TIME.

'HUSH, SCEPTIC, HUSH. CALL YOU THAT DEATH: YOU JEST!'

THE DRAMA OF CAESAR—THE UNDEFEATED

ACT I, SCENE I

Scene I—Rome: 84 B.C.: House of Caesar's Mother

(CAESAR AND HIS MOTHER)

MOTHER. My son, thou art descended from the gods . . . forget it not. Thy uncle has already marked thee for promotion. At every turn let these words ring in thine ears and heart— "The Caesars are descended from the gods and I am Julius Caesar."

It is believed that mothers hold an only son too favoured. But I have lived and seen, and I can judge with a clear mind. Thou art in pattern—of the strong, thou art in pattern of the able and the comely—I do command thee, see that thou art good.

CAESAR. My mother, if the God of all but spares thee to my side, through the great test of life and war and love, there is no evil can advance within mine understanding to a thing I would embrace.

In that thou carest so much, so shall my path be sure.

MOTHER. If I mistake not, there is a marriage, early planned for thee—tell all of this, my son.

CAESAR (*angrily*). It is an evil thought. I cast it off. On all this vast great earth there walks not any man who may chose a wife for Caesar, whom thou tellest me is descended from the gods—and hence must not be ruled by men.

MOTHER. Spoken as well befits my godlike son.

CAESAR (*breaking in*). The Roman gods are human excellencies—be that as it may! Mother of Caesar, in the patient teaching at thy knees thou hast made me such a man—fearless and fond—man not fop—wise not weak—I long to test my powers, so trained by such a mother in this world's great theatre.

MOTHER. Ay, ay, it all will come— But tell me, hast thou seen the woman thou would'st marry with?

CAESAR. So long have I been visiting the Senate, listening to the voices of men, rated great, declaim their thoughts and the thoughts of others, I would have a wife from noble stock, to stand the trials of the Roman Senate. A Roman lady's every day demands all this, and such an one must Caesar's wife resemble.

MOTHER. But still thou dost not speak her name.

CAESAR. I will now on with it, Mother—mine!

It is Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, the all-powerful Cinna and if my suit shall prosper, all my days I shall repay the honour she confers— She is my choice and like our own Julia, a jewel among stones. The persuasions of her father are already mine. Like Caius Marius we stand to guard the state in time of looseness—stand for duty, soldier-like. There can be no compromise with evil but destroys.

MOTHER. To such an one I yield a mother's place—and give a mother's love. On with your plans.

CAESAR. The order of our lives is of a vast importance. God or the ideal—wife—home. Without the mate a man respects, how may he win pre-eminence? I would live for the good of Rome. There are evils in the Roman fabric that must be removed, else will the proud whole crumble of decay and fall.

Women who can be bought and Senators who can be bribed are too expensive for the Roman State. Of this I am assured.

MOTHER. Progress and culture are but a film, but we must strive to make it hold. Grass grows again on the trampled fields and we forget and forgive.

CAESAR. Forgive but not forget. . . . The popular cause has been the cause of the labourer struggling for a right to live and think and breathe like a man. Rome is not overtroubled with sentiment but should we give this man the room he craves, because we must, or because our reason proves it progress, may not the very instrument break in our hands? For is not popular enthusiasm but a fire of straw if the individual be not morally fit to live it through . . . the vision that has lighted him. *The multitude! I wonder!*

MOTHER. Thou speak'st as befits the eighth generation of good thinking and good living. By good, the Caesars mean honourable, men who are clean in mind and body, moderate in all things—and noting sobriety as the highest of all qualities.

From thy boyhood, thou truest of true friends, thou hast shown the courtesy of high breeding. Thou wilt be statesman—soldier—man of letters. Thou shalt war always against the wrong.

From the pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates and the Nile, make there a Kingdom where peaceful men may work and think and speak; confine government to simplest duties and leave opinion free.

Establish some tolerable degree of justice . . . *though thou art murdered for it!*

CAESAR (*falling on his knees, puts his head on his mother's lap in acceptance of her words*).

CURTAIN

ACT I, SCENE II

The Marriage

As the bridal pair move down the great hall through the gorgeous setting,
CAESAR pauses and drops on his knees to kiss his mother's hand.

CURTAIN

ACT II, SCENE I

Appearing in the following order:

LUCINIUS LUCULLUS—commoner—Consular family—thoroughbred aristocrat—talented—lazy.

CAECILIUS METELLUS—serving in Spain.

LUTATIUS CATALUS—proud but honest—patrician—possessing conceit but no vices.

MARCUS CRASSUS—plebian but backed by the aristocracy—wealthy banker—usurer—the richest head of the business world in Rome.

MARIUS AEMILIUS LAPIDUS—extortionate—Consul—suspected of holding popular opinions.

CICERO

(Interior—shows lounging room in Roman club with LUCINIUS, LUCULLUS, METELLUS, CATALUS, CRASSUS and LAPIDUS.)

LUCULLUS. Returned from Spain, Metellus?—I want no money, not to-day, Crassus, but here is Lapidus whom rumour rates the best of all squeezers of the golden flow of that most desirable commodity—money—and which, not unlike the proverbial lemon, may set the teeth on edge before the end. And here is Catalus, who can afford to be both proud and honest undoubtedly because he counts no vices in his patrician pack, and Lapidus who would conceal from us together with his popular opinions his extortionate nature. Here we all are, excellent good fellows—I will plan the feast and warrant you it will be good.

(Enter CICERO)

CICERO. Scandal-mongering politicians—all of you! I would not trust a corner of my reputation with any one of you—mark you, not even a corner—but listen, I have chatter worthy of the hour and company. We do hear o'er much of Caesar—Caesar this—Caesar that—Caesar descended from the gods, aye, *descended indeed!* Roll this morsel among you, hungry wolves, and you will say, Cicero, you speak the truth—Hush! *(Whispers.)*

The value of this in political life is considerable and whether true or false it is certain to be believed—similar accusations are flung indiscriminately where to

stain is deemed useful. Caesar has heard it, and passed it by with disdain. His last mission is—as all he touches—successful—and it were well to test his popularity before it were too late— This man Caesar knows not fear. . . . There are but two roads to eminence in Rome, my friends, Oratory and the Army. . . . They tell me Caesar's intelligence takes him into the study of Oratory also. It may be we will fight it out yet, Caesar and I—in the Senate—where words are rapiers and we do not condescend to steel—

(A show of merriment caused by the unpremeditated play on the word steel.)

LUCULLUS. Let us pray the gods Cicero that you and Caesar may never meet *openly* on opposing sides. There is no state, not even Rome, could weather that test and what you have said while praising Pompey you would be driven also to say in praise of Caesar— Remember—I quote (*taking from his pocket a slip of paper, he reads*) 'Who does not know that the avarice of our generals has been the cause of the misfortunes of our armies? You can see for yourselves how they act here at home in Italy; and what will they not venture far away in distant countries? Officers who cannot restrain their own appetites can never maintain discipline in their troops. Pompey has been victorious because he does not loiter about the towns for plunder or pleasure or making collections of statues and pictures . . . who can resist gold and shrines and pretty women? Pompey is upright and pure-sighted. Pompey knows that the state has been impoverished because the revenue flows into the coffers of a few individuals.'

(CICERO maintains a gloomy silence during the reading of quotations from his splendid speech.)

CATALUS. The power, Cicero, of your oratory is in truth a rapier, well it would be for you and well for Rome if you could hold on upon a course into which you have been led by real patriotism, where your better mind speaks, working by the side of Caesar and Pompey and that other name high in honour, Marius—else will the Senate bring the State to perdition.

Popular sentiment is a guide the gods have given not only to save our necks but that harmony without which no state may live long. Pompey's successes have been dazzlingly rapid. Envy and hatred await him at Rome.

LUCULLUS. These are heavy matters for empty stomachs. My chosen companions, let us around the board and speak of lighter if more dangerous things. (*Aside.*) Like Cicero's dream for the Consulate—

(The group saunters to the palatial private dining-rooms set apart for them—the long table prepared Roman style for lounging and dining, etc., all absorbing is the matter of dining and wining until the toasts go round.)

CICERO (*who claims LUCULLUS for his right hand and CATALUS for his left*).
(*Rises toasting.*) 'Rome'!

(*All stand—and empty glasses.*)

LUCULLUS. Cicero—silver-tongued—there are as many Romes as there are grapes in this fine wine—which Rome will *you* choose—or will you make them in time all yours?

CICERO. The whip of sarcasm ill befits this dinner hour, good *steward*—what matters to you the Rome I toast? It is the word that dying lips utter from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates—to Egypt and back again—the talisman of a good journey in the unknown—ROME!

(*They all stand and drink again.*)

LUCULLUS. I would drink to Caesar's Rome—to Caesar in the Forum—Caesar in the Senate—Caesar in his impassioned support of Pompey—to Caesar's brilliance as a member of fashionable Rome favoured by women—Caesar staging his gladiators in bloody contests, himself reading or figuring throughout—Caesar's dream of becoming Pontifex Maximus.

CATALUS (*interrupting*). To his mother's kiss as he left for the Forum on the morning of election. . . . His heroic words to her, 'Mother, I return to you as Pope of Rome to-day or you will never see me more.'

CICERO (*with a wave of his hand*). Thus history makes itself before our very eyes and we stand helpless—gaping by—but how rich are the prizes the strong man may win on this great Roman stage in this great Roman day.

LUCULLUS. You speak of Pompey's return? Subduer of pirates—conqueror of Asia—the wealth of the East laid at his feet—and he touches none of it—pouring millions into the Treasury—and yet this man is refused a third Consulship—what of Caesar and his return from victories vaster?

CICERO. . . . Caesar is coming on with wind and tide—he is as surely Consul as if the thing were already done. . . .

LAPIDUS (*in justification*). Caesar has upheld Law against violence, choosing reform rather than revolution. He knows justice to be the essence of government. Constitutions pronounce their own sentence on themselves. With the army and with money—all Caesar lacks is your silver voice to place his genius irrevocably in history as Master of Rome. But *that we* who *know* you *know*, you will not yield. Mark my words, Cicero!

His Agarian Law we know to be good and we cannot forget his noble words. 'I invited you to revise it. I was willing if any clause displeased you, it should be expunged. You would not touch it, well then, the people must decide.' The battle is on and as said by Cicero, 'Thus history makes itself before our very eyes and we stand helpless—gaping—by.'

LUCULLUS. Caesar's wars pay their own expenses. First it is Spain, then Gaul, then Britain falling beneath his legions. The Senate now votes twenty days for Thanksgiving and the people make it sixty.

CICERO (*in exasperation*). Enough and too much! Caesar is coming on with wind and tide—we will be forced to Civil War—not because we have quarrelled but through one abandoned citizen with a strong army . . . nothing can stop Caesar's car of empire now but Civil War . . . (*thoughtfully*) and I will follow Pompey.

LUCULLUS. Pompey orders Caesar to give up his army and declines all interviews.

CICERO (*with great emphasis*). Remember this—my advice was always for peace—even on hard terms— We shall not meet in the way of friendship about this pleasant table again perhaps . . . VIVE VALE!

Vive, vale!

ACT II, SCENE II

Night before the battle of Pharsalia.

Legions of the opposing sides are seen meeting, being divided by but a river.

SOLDIER IN CAESAR'S LEGION: Why do we fight this so desperate war?

SOLDIER IN POMPEY'S LEGION: In truth, I do not know. Pompey and Caesar are two brave commanders and that they should war upon each other, it is the devil's work! There is no just cause at stake.

(*Conversation is interrupted by a shower of arrows and the assemblage breaks up in confusion.*)

LABIENUS (*shouting*). Leave your talk of composition—there can be no peace until you bring us Caesar's head.

ACT II, SCENE III

After the battle of Pharsalia.

CAESAR (*in foreground talking with a few of his officers*). They would have it so, after all I had done for my country, I Caius Caesar, should have been condemned by them as a criminal if I had not appealed to my army.

Twenty-four thousand of the enemy on their knees for mercy. I bade them rise. One hundred and eighty standards were taken and all the eagles and in Pompey's tent was found his secret correspondence revealing the mysteries of the past three years. Curiosity or even prudence might have tempted me to look into it . . . my wish was that the past should be forgotten. . . . I ordered the whole mass of papers burned unread.

I am informed Pompey has met his family in Mytelene and sailed for Egypt with them. I shall hope to reach him and urge upon him there has been enough bloodshed and for the state we both have served to forget the past. From the day of Pompey's flight from Italy he has been like a leaf whirled upon a winter torrent and as a waif now to be thrown upon a foreign shore. I fear for him.

ACT II, SCENE IV

CAESAR *landing in Egypt without opposition is presented with POMPEY's head.*
With expression of horror he passes on.

CAESAR. Where is the boy king? I have business with him, and where the little sisters, Cleopatra and Arsinoe? I would rather conquer through royal representatives of the Ptolemys than by way of some one or two of this Egyptian rabble—vagabonds—pirates—thieves—exiles—outlaws—ruffians.

(*Giving an order to his followers.*) Set fire to the docks—burn Egyptian ships—seize the Pharos and the mole connecting it with the town. Fortify the palace and houses occupied by my troops. . . . This is no trifling affair for triflers. It will take all of Caesar's time and wisdom to conquer Egypt on these terms with so small a number of legions. I will keep the young lad Ptolemy with me as a security (*with solemnity*). We will now avenge the murder of Pompey (*with emotion*). Pompey the great—whom Caesar himself would have been content to acknowledge his superior but a few short months ago.

(*Messenger enters.*)

CAESAR. What news?

MESSANGER. Mithrites is encamped opposite Cairo on the Nile.

CAESAR. Say, I come at once.

ACT III, SCENE I

Hall of State, Alexandria.

(CAESAR, in awesome military robes, is seen awaiting the young queen, who enters equally resplendent in her royal satins.)

CLEOPATRA. (*She makes her way in a circuitous fashion around the supporting columns—constantly glancing back. She is slight and strong and quick, each movement characterized by the governing intellect which is a flaming part of her virile self—with a final rush she spreads herself quite flat before CAESAR who has watched her approach with undisguised absorption and humour.*) Imperator!—How shall I find the breath in a suffocating world to tell you all—all that is in my mind and heart? From my tower window, from where I first saw you approach—my blood has been at the boiling, fearing you might not be spared to me. I have prayed years—years for this hour since hearing of your valour and your victories—your visions and your verses for I, too, love poetry and sometimes think it is the only thing I do love. I have read your account of stars—Imperator (*pausing for breath*).

CAESAR. Years—and years, why you do not possess years and years, little queen—

CLEOPATRA. Now—you are mocking me. I am a woman and you would overlook it—I am a queen and you belittle it. I fear you, Imperator, and yet I have never felt fear. It is the bright light the moth must know to die! Let me die gloriously! Here, at your feet!! Now that I have seen the light, I can bear the dark!!

CAESAR. You little witch—what a fine spirit and frame are yours. Symmetry itself, you are, my child. . . .

CLEOPATRA. And now a witch?—(*thoughtfully*). I do not care so I am at the last your 'child.'

CAESAR (*charmed*). Yes—yes—to train, to mould, to carry to the heights—so strong a tide sets my spirit to you it seems you are in truth mine—a bit of the very self I seldom meet that exists—here—here (*taking her little hand, she half kneeling extends to CAESAR, he places it on his heart. She looks about to see if anyone is there and then raises his hand to her lips*).

CLEOPATRA. Imperator—Master—Father—my dream—

CAESAR. You, too, dream, my little queen? What dreams keep your quick feet from bright going in the paths where beauty treads?

CLEOPATRA. Indeed it is alone in dreams that beauty treads, Imperator. In the deep Egyptian skies dreams gather and fall to me but none has ever come true until to-night—as I stand—no kneel before you—my dream!

CAESAR. Then we both dream, Cleopatra?

CLEOPATRA. Oh, oh, now you lift me up beside you and I am content.

CAESAR. (*Lifting her up on the great arm of the chair in which CAESAR has settled himself, he looks long at the beauty of her mobile face—so unconsciously separating the warrior from his world—the statesman from his state—the hero from his destiny—it might be. Rousing himself with visible effort from his thought.*) Instead of seeking to belittle you—my queen—I have journeyed far and passed through many dangers to reach you—and pronounce you *Queen of Egypt* by *Caesar's sword*.

CLEOPATRA (*she looks quickly at the sword and then at CAESAR*). I hope the angels can hear you—your speech is so beautiful.

CAESAR (*Laughing, he puts his arm about her with a half paternal and half lover-like touch.*) You are the only queen I have ever cared about, Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA. Then you will kiss me, will you not?

CAESAR (*with deliberation*). Oh, yes, yes, but wait—can you listen? Will you heed? I have a serious lesson to teach you first. You are right, little queen, the beauty of life is in its dreams—but life is a game that must be fought—or played—it is the same, if it is well played, and playing is the woman's part. . . . I find you quick to know this—I find you—many things you do not know but most important is, I *have* found you. It is the clear crystal of you that renews and revives me. . . . *I want to teach you all I know!*

CLEOPATRA. I want to learn (*slipping down between his knees to the floor, she looks up inquiring*).

CAESAR. Then, listen, little queen—my queen— From the pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates and the Nile, help me make there a kingdom where peaceful men may work, think and speak. Help me establish some tolerable degree of justice though we both die for it. Can you understand this dream, my child?

CLEOPATRA. Oh, yes! when did you dream that?

CAESAR. At my mother's knee, at your age, you lovely child.

CLEOPATRA (*vehemently*). I will help you, Imperator—(*he lifts her and kisses her with much feeling and leads her by the hand, gathering her up under his arm and moves toward the adjoining room where lights tell a table is spread. Music is heard, floating in on the still Egyptian air through the deep windows*).

CAESAR (*gathering a rose from a jar in passing*). Est rosa flos Veneris. (The rose is the flower of Venus.)

CURTAIN

ACT III, SCENE II

Caesar is seen addressing the tenth legion before the battle of Munda.

CAESAR. I bade you come to me and bring with you your swords. I need not say to you the army is Caesar's life—in it lies the future of Rome—if Rome is to have a future. In it, if anywhere, the national spirit survives (*speaking with the finality of a man whom no extremity could shake and patiently*). I bid you state your complaints.

LEADER OF TENTH LEGION. Commander, our service has been long and hard and our sufferings have multiplied. We have been promised rewards—but they come not. We ask for our discharge. (*Not wishing and not expecting it but wanting to dictate their own terms, they were plainly speaking thus.*)

CAESAR (*again patiently*). During the wars in Gaul, I have rewarded you all well, doubling ordinary pay and sharing spoils. Time and leisure alone have been wanting to recompense your fidelity since. (*Omitting the term comrades so dear to his legions, he continues.*) You say well, Quirites, you have laboured hard and suffered much—you desire your discharge—you have it! I discharge you who are present—I discharge all who have served their time. You shall have your recompense. It shall never be said of Caesar that he made use of you when he was in danger and ungrateful to you when the peril was passed.

ANOTHER LEADER. Commander, we beg to be forgiven, we are cut to the very heart by the readiness of your acquiescence—by the name of citizen you now employ in place of ‘brother-in-arms.’ We will go to the ends of the earth with you—if you will but reinstate us.

CAESAR (*showing no sign of ready forgiveness*). Your lands have been allotted out of my personal estates—money, too, I am providing—part in hand, part in bonds.

LEGION. Oh, Master, take us back.

CAESAR. Let all go who wish to go, I will have none serve with me who serve unwillingly.

LEGION. All—all— Not one of us will leave you.

ACT III, SCENE III

At home in Rome, Caesar and his wife are seen embracing. She calls him by all his titles.

CAESAR. Yes—yes—but Caesar grows weary of the thankless burden—he has lived long enough, the half century mark is passed, men of his nature do not find the task of governing their fellow-creatures to their liking. They vote me liberator and strike medals for me giving me the title Imperator to be hereditary in my family. The Senate gives me the treasury, they give me the Consulate for ten years, I am rated eighth among the seven kings of Rome.

WIFE. They named the best month of the year—thy month, July, so that all coming ages may know thee—my Caesar and they build thee a temple and appoint Antony as thy priest.

CAESAR. I know and dislike the meaning of all this, it is that I may the sooner perish. I am weary of it, the thought is constantly with me that I have done my work, the race is run, the special object gained, Calpurnia, oft in a long day’s travelling, one hundred miles in my carriage without rest I have surveyed Rome and my part in it. In my verse ‘an account of the stars’ and my journal much of this I have set down. Life as it is cannot last forever. A new life must be about to dawn for mankind where poetry and faith and devotion will spring again.

'Progress and culture are but a film, but we must strive to make it hold. Grass grows again on the trampled fields and we forget and forgive.

'From the pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates and the Nile, make there a Kingdom where peaceful men may work and think and speak; confine government to simplest duties and leave opinion free. Establish some tolerable degree of justice.'

They would kill me if they could, my very forgiveness of the Senate is my doom. I am willing to live if they will let me but for myself, I cease to care about it. I will accept no guard and I will go unarmed.

WIFE. Oh, say not this, my Caesar, with my very body would I guard thee, ever! It is Cicero's sharp tongue and jealous soul I fear and his power to work thee ill.

CAESAR. Why say'st thou this? We dined together in the country where I freely forgave him, and though we avoided politics, in this wise he spoke. 'I have long been silent, Caesar, not from fear but grief and diffidence. Such kindness, such unheard of generosity, such moderation in power, such incredible and almost godlike wisdom I feel myself unable to pass over.' You remember, thus he spoke in the Senate. 'No flow of genius, no faculty of speech or writing can adequately describe your actions. You have conquered yourself, your wars will be spoken of till the end of time, in all lands and tongues . . . how can we praise, how can we love you sufficiently. Of salvation, there can be none for us unless you are preserved.'

How gladly would I leave to others the sharp surgery which is now to follow. The man I was, I am not. The frame, I am not. The muscles, I am not. The motivating power of youth and manhood are not mine at fifty-five. For fourteen years I have worn this armour. It is a heavier armour now and an unwillingness possesses me. The future is wrapped in dark uncertainty. The shattered skeleton of the commonwealth disturbs my rest.

WIFE. Caesar, thou art both great and just, stoic *and* man! One who seeks not to press, inhuman, the sting of shame. Exact in honour, merciful in blame. . . .

Rome's noblest son, the gods' delight. . . . Commander—worthy of that high estate— . . . Master of Rome! Thy long unswerving flight, rising deliberately through the years, mounting on distant strands in many spheres, filling the world with honourable light—that faltered never in its pristine might, beset by no ignoble human fears, relying not on vain applause or seers, appealing to the world's exalted height . . . thou shalt not, can'st not, must not die!

(In CALPURNIA's agitation she has risen and declaims these ringing lines, placing on CAESAR's brow the laurel he loves to wear. Gaining his usual composure, helped by the fervour of her words, CAESAR rises and kisses her hand. There is the sound of many feet and voices in the streets, CAESAR and CALPURNIA move to the great windows to watch, unseen, a cheering procession of revellers pass. Cheering CAESAR.)

CAESAR. The cheers, aye, always . . . everywhere, the cheers. . . . In the heart of him they cheer, the fears, aye, always, the fears!!

(The half dark apartment is lighted by the torches, and resounds with the tread of many feet and much shouting. As the noise dies away CAESAR turns to CALPURNIA they rise to go.)

WIFE. Caesar—thou Undefeated—thou can'st not die!

CURTAIN

ACT III, SCENE IV

The night before the murder. House of Cassius where the conspirators meet at supper.

CASSIUS. I warrant Cicero regrets not being here to-night—*(in a hushed voice)*. The plan is simple. Caesar will attend unarmed to-morrow. He will not fail since it is an all-important meeting. We who are to act will carry our poinards easily concealed—the others will go unarmed. Shall we take Antony and Lapidus too? Nay, I think not. To spill blood without necessity would mar the sublimity of our exploit and we all like Antony and he will prove no danger—with Caesar gone.

Antony will be detained at the doorway. Gladiators will be secreted near should need for them arise *(nervously)*. Sixty senators are party to this, but we have immediate need for but a handful. Enough—

ACT III, SCENE V

Caesar's Home, the day of the murder.

CALPURNIA (*approaching CAESAR*). I beg thee, Caesar, go not to the Senate this day. I had a fearful dream last night. With Cleopatra I sat late and her amorous Antony—your loyal friend—with her quick apprehension she shares my fears—I beg thee do not stir to-day. I dreamed that thou encountered grave disaster in the Senate—and the armour of Mars which stood in the hall of the Pontifice Palace crashed down upon the pavement and—and—thy door flew open— Oh, do not stir, my Caesar.

CAESAR. I too have a deep depression this day and it shall be as thou say'st. I will not go. (*Excitedly on hearing a knock.*) Who comes?

DECIMUS BRUTUS. How now, Caesar? Yielding to woman's persuasion to desert your place in the Senate on this day of all days? What if there were a thunderstorm last night? It is in the ordinary run of weather— Come—come—it wants an hour still to the sun's height. There is ample time, still, to go.

CAESAR (*rising to go*). Very well, I go. (*Shaking off his uneasiness with a feigned effort of indifference and with admonishing gestures to CALPURNIA who stands wringing her hands. Crossing the hall, his statue falls and shivers on the stones—some servant, perhaps trying to warn him. A stranger thrusts a scroll into his hand and begs him to read it, supposing it to be a petition he tosses it one side. It contained the list and the plot.*)

(*He enters the Senate.*)

ACT IV, SCENE I

The Murder

(CAESAR enters the Senate. ANTONY, who enters with him, is detained as arranged by TREBONIUS. There is a hush and all eyes are turned to his commanding person. Swift greetings are exchanged, as if there were haste. With a look of possible inquiry, CAESAR sensing some unusual undercurrent of confusion, with a glance of inquiry, measuring the temper of the Senate, takes his seat. He is familiar and easy of access. The Senators gather around him. He knows them all, he has pardoned them all.)

TULLIUS CIMBER. (*Lately made Governor of Bithynia by Caesar.*) Will you consider a change in the way of custom in the matter of my letter, Caesar?

(CAESAR signifies he is unwilling. CIMBER catches his gown as if in entreaty and drags it from his shoulders. CASSIUS, who was standing behind, stabs him in the throat. He starts up with a cry and catches CASSIUS' arm. Another poinard enters his breast, giving a mortal wound, and, seeing not one friendly face, he draws his gown over his head, gathers the folds about him that he may fall decently, and sinks down without uttering another word.)

BRUTUS (*waving his dagger, dripping with the blood of CAESAR, shouts to CICERO, naming him by name.*) History makes itself before our very eyes, but this day we have not stood helpless by! Congratulations—you pointed us the way.

(ANTONY guessing he might be next, hurries into concealment. The murderers, bleeding from wounds which they have given one another in their eagerness, follow crying, 'The tyrant is dead and Rome is free.')

ACT IV, SCENE II

Funeral in the Forum.

(LAPIDUS enters with troops and occupies the Forum. ANTONY presides as Consul, and after a few words from him CICERO rises.)

CICERO. This is Actus Dei—an act of God. (*Abstractly.*) When the foundations are shaken, we must look to history to point us the way—it points that a divided state cannot continue and to-day the new page is turned. Caesar lies

slain. . . . Is violence to be answered by more violence? Let us forget the past and draw a veil over all that has been done, not scrutinizing any man's act. Much may be said to show that Caesar deserved his end—or much against those who have killed him. If we are wise, we shall regard the scene we have witnessed as a convulsion of nature which is now at an end. Let Caesar's ordinances and appointments remain. (*This said to save them all.*) What is done cannot be undone.

(*The body is brought into the Forum and placed on the Rostra—the dress has not been changed—the gown, gashed with daggers and soaked in blood, was still wrapped about it. The will is read.*)

ANTONY. Romans, countrymen, and friends, it is thus that Caesar addresses us in this his last will and testament. Inscribed recently and significant of the grandeur of his nature and his sense of trust, as it were, the custodian to a higher power. When I glance ahead at these vibrant lines I am compelled to remember and beg you to think on the following which characterizes, so completely the labour and bravery of our dead commander. 'To man it is said, you do not live for yourself. If you live for yourself you shall come to nothing. Be brave, be just, be pure, be true in word and deed; care not for your enjoyment, care not for your life; care only for what is right. So, and not otherwise, it shall be well with you. So the Maker of you has ordered, whom you will disobey at your peril.' This, Julius Caesar knew and exemplified in his life, that thus and thus only are nations formed to endure. We know of the noble strain from which Caesar came, his birth we know, his early history, his mother's care, his thrifty private habits, his public liberality—without evil and reluctant to believe evil of others. The will reads as follows:

'You have always been first in my thoughts. I leave to each citizen, 75 drachmas and my gardens on the Tiber as a perpetual recreation grounds.

Octavius, I make my general heir. Among my second heirs should Octavius fail I name Decimus Brutus. (*A deep wave of emotion passes through the Forum. ANTONY waits for the passion to work.*) I bid a herald read the votes which the Senate freshly passed to defend Caesar from violence.'

ANTONY (*recognizing the electric effect of his discourse and the reading of the will, he continues with growing fervour*). Power in Caesar brought into prominence his excellencies. His first services in Spain deserved a triumph: of his laws I could speak forever. Known to all are his campaigns in Gaul. The land beyond the Alps is now as well ordered as Italy. Germany and Britain Caesar would have added to your empire but his enemies would not have it. They

brought him home. He set you free, he set Spain free, he laboured for peace with Pompey, and Pompey perished in his obstinacy. Caesar took no revenge, he sought not the honours of victory, the faithful to Pompey he praised. Egypt and Armenia he settled. There was in him an inbred goodness—never carried away by anger—never spoiled by success—his effort throughout was to save all who would be saved— To you he was Consul, to the army, Imperator—to the enemies of his country, Dictator and this man lies dead—slain in your Senate house—the warrior unarmed—naked to his foes stood the peacemaker.

(The multitude rise in fury and curse the conspirators and the Senate. They surround the body reverently raised by the officers of the Forum. The platform is torn up and broken timbers piled in a heap—chairs and benches are thrown on it—the whole crowd rushing wildly to add a chip or splinter from the greatest to the meanest—actors fling in their dresses, musicians their instruments—soldiers their swords—women add their necklaces and scarfs and in the crowd is seen Egypt's queen vehement in her expression of sorrow.—Mothers bring their children with their toys and playthings. On the pile so composed the body of Caesar is reduced to ashes. The remains are collected with affectionate care and deposited in the tomb of the Caesars in the Campus Martius. Crowds gather many nights wailing. ANTONY departs, taking the young queen with him to shelter.)

MEDITATION

Between Acts IV and V in

CAESAR—THE UNDEFEATED

TARSUS

B. C.

The rhythmic measure of the Queen's bright oars
Proclaims her coming to the Tarsus shores!

On silver oars through purple dusk
Breathing adventure and romance,
Mid wreaths of spikenard and musk
The galleys of the Queen advance.

An elephant of burnished gold
Her barge's stern. Beneath bright sails
Her slaves a dance of greeting hold
To flutes and harps as twilight veils.

The Tarsus mountains, crown the slopes
Of this fair city by the sea,
Where oft-time blossomed rival hopes
Of orators of high degree.

And when at last days colours fade
The royal galley nears the quay,
Ripple of water softly made
Accompaniment to revelry.

While over all the silver stars,
Pointing the destinies of men,
Mark love of space and hate of bars,
Imperator or Citizen!

Purple and gold with flowers strewn
Twelve triple couches range about,
And presently the rising moon
Invites all there to sorrow flout.

The queen is decked in robes of gold
And like the goddess Venus, she
Lies in the shining metal's fold
Born as a pearl upon the sea.

Hers is a form conceived in grace
For all of time in every land,
The ageless beauty of her face
Holds the world captive in her hand,

With voice like music from afar
The heart oft longs to hear, in vain,
Commanding man to peace or war
A kingdom's pride, the age's gain!

Queens there have been but none like her,
Beauty has lived but none like this,
The priceless things that never were
Flamed to revealment in her kiss.

The hero of this fabled hour
Enraptured by the honour shown,
Knowing the Queen in all her power
But lived for him and him alone,

Meets her with greeting glad and fond,
In clasping hands springs love's bright fire!
To this the minds of all respond,
Echoed by flute, by harp, by lyre.

Gold goblets, rare, of fine design
They lift to pledge with royal mien,
And in this splendid fashion dine,
Mark Antony and Egypt's Queen.

This Queen of Queens, her chosen guest,
Beneath the stars' so perfect dome!
. . . To dreams of empire stirs her breast
Of Alexandria and Rome;

Here, Caesar's image fills her mind
And his, though he of lighter vein:
Their dead Commander seems to bind
Their wills, his purpose to attain.

Soon at the board this royal pair
With officers of his high staff
And their companions, young and fair,
Pass compliment and gracious chaff.

O'er golden dishes set with stones,
Precious beyond the whims of wealth,
The ear may catch the joyful tones
When valour drinks to beauty's health.

Does he forget all ties, his wife,
In the allurements of the scene?
Does he forget all else in life
Except the charms of Egypt's Queen?

O, yes! there is none else but her!
In cups of wine he plights till death—
To which the night and scene add spur—
His every impulse—every breath—

And here, let destiny unfold,
This—always—boy, and Egypt's Queen!
For destiny is very old
And many centuries has seen.

She draws her curtain round the pair,
Radiant in their love and hope—
However much man plan or care
No man shall pass beyond her scope.

The silver oars have come to rest,
Upon her dark and starry tide,
But children, they, upon her crest,
She dreams him king, he dreams her bride.

O mighty Destiny we bow,
To thy great self, much more than we,
The galleys' oars rest on their prow,
Waiting thy voice, O Destiny.

These figures passed across thy screen,
More than two thousand years ago,
And still the memory—how green—
Though stripped of life, **THEY, LIVING, GLOW!**

ACT V, SCENE I

Alexandria. The Hall of State.

CLEOPATRA (*enters with handmaiden. She goes through a frequent expression of mourning for CAESAR in this Hall of State where they had met, wringing her hands, repeating.*) 'Thus has the great pyramid crumbled, nothing is as it was, not I, not Antony, not Egypt.' (*Repeats over and over.*) Memoria in aeterna—in eternal remembrance.

MESSENGER (*from ANTONY*). He comes—to-morrow.

CLEOPATRA (*as if in a trance*). To-morrow's—to-morrow's—to-morrow, aye, and one hundred years will not change our loss or our love— Oh great Commander, when you placed my hand in Antony's, Antony's hand in mine and said, 'Guard my little queen—you are the best I have and I give her to you. . . . Indeed there is naught that I, with honour, might, I would not give—Cleopatra, storms will blow and you will need him when I am not here. Of your age and the very compliment of yourself—my poor heart tore at my side—it was with love for Caesar, *now*, I know. Then—I only wished to please him, to be worthy of his trust. How slight a thing is this world become since Caesar is removed.

She bursts into a flood of emotional tears running about the great apartment as if in search, fondling the chair of State in which they sat, kneeling on the bench she had occupied at his feet (thoughtfully).

He said 'You are the only queen I have ever loved, Cleopatra.' (*She wraps her arms about her swaying form and gazes in a trance of misery about her at the so empty room. She darts between the curtains into the dining hall where he had led her proudly and back again looking everywhere, returning to the chair of State, gathers herself up into it murmuring.*) My dream, my dream!

(*She is awakened shortly from her reverie by the sound of horns and commotion, and in a few more tense moments ANTONY enters—not as a hero—rather as a worn and sad soldier. CLEOPATRA gives a cry and they rush into each other's arms with great feeling—she leads him quickly to a couch where they sit, she all solicitude.*)

CLEOPATRA. I did not think to see you until to-morrow, my Antony (*again embracing him*).

ANTONY. It is an ill wind that delays me on my way to you—my little queen.

CLEOPATRA. Nay, find me another name Antony, that was Caesar's, and it makes my heart jump to hear the phrase . . . you understand, my beloved Antony.

ANTONY. I understand all—everything. I understand the whole world is let down through his going. The mainspring of this age is perished at miserable murderer's hands but they have all paid—with their lives, my Cleopatra all—all—by their own choice in dread or justly by my order and it is as if my mission were at an end for the great Commander—our great commander, and I might forget the horror in your arms—have I not earned this my love?

CLEOPATRA. (*dazed and thoughtful*). Yes, yes, but I do not like your rough appearance, you have suffered too much, you are distraught—you—you—

ANTONY. I am drunk—drunk with the miseries of a world no man can change—and even in your arms I cannot forget.

CLEOPATRA (*in an aside*). This all bodes ill—ill for him, for Rome, for me! Caesar said 'Help me to establish some tolerable degree of justice though we both die for it'—failing at least one may then die—die and dream—our dream, Oh Caesar!

(CLEOPATRA goes for water to bathe ANTONY's brow and hands and lovingly serves him like a nurse and he a sick child.)

ANTONY. If I should rave and in the raving say strange things—heed me not o'er much my love. It was a clean stroke that took Cicero's head from traitor's shoulders—scoundrels—scoundrels all—why should I shiver for any one of them dead.

CLEOPATRA. You have done surpassing well, my Antony, and I give you my love—almost all of it, all that I do not keep in remembrance and for Egypt.

ANTONY. I am not the man I was in Caesar's day, Cleopatra, I could then lift the dangers from your path, but I am broken by all this.

CLEOPATRA. Hush, hush, you will sleep. I will sleep and we will wake to a new world.

(CLEOPATRA summons her hand-maiden, asking for sleeping potions and hurriedly calls a messenger to her with whispered directions. He departs. She reaches for a stringed lute and draws music from it chanting a little chant of love. ANTONY turns

in his exhaustion to kiss her arms, her feet, her cheek, lapsing again and again into utter weariness. She watches the door. Presently the hand-maiden brings the potions and the messenger darts in with a small package. All of this is scarcely noted by ANTONY. She dismisses them both, and slipping to the floor, where she seems more at rest, she speaks.)

CLEOPATRA. I shall be less than dust. . . .
But not the love I bear you, Antony,
That cannot float as nothing down a shivering wind!
When in the limitation of these human frames the lists are
thinned
And falls to earth my frame—this frame you love—
It cannot be the sweet consuming fire which lighted us to realms
undreamed
Shall at the first fell gust of death's approach expire!
For have we not the promise writ upon the sky?
That this it is which will not, cannot die—
This love—the tree of life!
Indeed, it is alone the flesh that dies!

The beautiful engaging pageant of our life
Is but an urn, from which the spirit's well-spring gushes forth
Serving to indicate a depth which lies beyond life's understanding.

* * * * *

Far o'er the desert when the sun is low
And all my realm breathes with a deeper breath
And glowing points the evening's fairest star,
Beyond life's limits and beyond the halls of death,
. . . That hour the gates unbar
To Paradise.

* * * * *

Invisible Presence, I salute you!
How shall I call you—
Who are the light that lives in every human breast,
Who are the soul of music and the great sea's quest? . . .
My Antony, we had not loved so much, did not a greater love
us more!

... Give me your hand . . . aye, thus, and set your face by mine,
The contact exquisite that is ours by some rich right,
This miracle, I would not lose an instant of!
My eyes gaze straightway up! up to your bending eyes,
The eyes I love . . .
And still beyond, aye, to the bending skies—
And the clear silent stars that speak so truly to the heart of man!
Lo! where beneath this gracious canopy of stars sleeps there a
land one tithe so fair as Egypt?

And here I touch that other love . . . the love of country!
That love which rises to great passion and when the flame is
strong
Makes gods of men—poor pigmy men—become divine!
Meet for our satire is the unstable love of man for woman
And woman oft for man—
But in the reaches of the human mind,
Throughout the rolling years behold we find
Great monuments upon life's ways,
That mean a hero's stand and mark the hour he fell!
Is there a country, love, so poor
But that it boasts these monuments divine?
And who with such strong evidence dare contend
That when man dies it is, perforce, the end?
In that we may not name the place
Or chart the perilous sea,
Shall we affirm that land lies not beyond our human sight?
Man can not here enjoy this turning sphere
Casts he not boldly off all fear—
The terror of the night—
Turning his prow to the unknown
To find a fairer lea . . .
As fly the winging birds . . .
Then only shall he glory in his sail!
. . . Not our belief or our desires fail,
It is these earthly words!
. . . To find a fairer lea . . .
As fly the winging birds—
—Winging birds—birds
Antony is a wind gone down—it bodes no good—I will not live.

A subject queen.

He said, the Master said, 'Though we *both* die for it!'

My dream! My dream!

* * * * *

(She fumbles at the front of her dress and settles herself to sleep. Thus in complete silence, time is passing when the sound of horns is heard—CLEOPATRA does not stir. ANTONY jumps to his feet, dizzy with fatigue, saying, 'Yes commander, aye, aye, I come.')

(He remembers where he is and looks for CLEOPATRA, drops beside her, draws her lifeless body on the couch to find the asp has done its deadly work, saying again.) 'I am drunk—drunk with the miseries of a world no man can change and even in your arms my best beloved, I could not forget *(gazing at her lovingly)*. You sleep the super-sleep that men call death. . . . I, too, will sleep—and we will wake—my little queen—to a new world, Caesar's world, again! *(He kisses her cold lips and seizes his short sword and buries it in his heart, saying)* 'This is the sword by which the greatest man of this world found peace.'

Candida Pax. . . . White-robed peace. . . . Vehimur in altum. . . . We are launching into the deep. . . .

CURTAIN

THE END

LATIN INTERPOLATIONS OF CAESAR—THE UNDEFEATED

- Adgis fortissima virtus.* (Virtue is the strongest shield.)
Abstinete, sustinete. (Forbear and bear.)
Animo et fide. (By courage and faith.)
Continenti impetu. (Without halting.)
Arbiter elegantiarum. (Supreme authority in matters of taste.)
Candida Pax. (White-robed peace.)
Consilio et animis. (By wisdom and courage.)
Ducit amor patriae. (The love of my country leads me.)
• *Est rosa flos Veneris.* (The rose is the flower of Venus.)
Facile Princeps. (Easily pre-eminent.)
Fama clamosa. (A current scandal.)
Fax mentis incendium gloriae. (The passion of glory is the torch of the mind.)
Forensis strepitus. (Clamour of the Forum.)
Ipsissima verba. (The very words.)
Malo mori quam fiedari. (I would rather die than be debased.)
Memoria in aeterna. (In eternal remembrance.)
Non sum qualis eram. (I am not what I once was.)
Nullum imperium tatum nisi benevolentia munitum—
Remis vetisque. (With oars and sails.)
Silentium altum. (Deep silence.)
Taedium vitae. (Weariness of life.)
Vale Vale. (Farewell—farewell.)
Vehimur in altum. (We are launching into the deep.)
Venalis populus, venalis curia patrum. (The people are venal, the Senate too is venal.)
Ventum ad supremum est. (Matters have come to the last extremity.)

Vive, vale. (Farewell and be happy.)
Vox et praeterea. (A voice and nothing more.)
Cum ea ita sent. (Since this is so.)
Nudo corpore. (With the body unprotected.)
Paulo ante. (A little while ago.)
Anihibenda est in jocando moderatio. (There should be a limit
observed in joking—Cicero.)
Arma virumque cano. (Arms and the man I sing—Virgil.)
Actus Dei. (An act of God.)
Natura atque et opere. (Fortified by nature and art.)
Memoria tenere. (To remember.)
Nihil est idiqui. (There is nothing left.)
Videm dare. (To give a pledge.)

SCENARIO

NOTES FOR THE SCREEN

PRELUDE to the first act. There will be shown the enemy forces, the hords of Teutons and Cimbri bearing down into Italy as of July 20, 101 B.C., two years before Caesar's birth.

Show birthplace on screen of Julius Caesar indicating the love between mother and son which never waned. Act first, scene first, Caesar and his mother and her admonitions. Scene second, act first, the marriage. As the bridal pair move down the great hall through the gorgeous setting, Caesar pauses and drops on his knee to kiss his mother's hand. Act second, scene first, Roman club where in lounging room appear six of the important figures in Roman life. FOLLOW SCENES—DINING INTERIOR—TABLE SPREAD WITH FEAST. When Lucullus says in an aside, 'like Cicero's dream for the consulate FADE IN OF CICERO'S DREAM FOR THE CONSULATE. FADE OUT. When Cicero says 'the talisman of a good journey in the unknown—Rome and all stand and drink, FADE IN CAESAR AND HIS MOTHER AND HER TELLING COMMANDS. HE IS SHOWN WINNING REPUTATION, IN THE FORUM, IN THE SENATE, IN FAVOUR OF POMPEY. SHOWING HIM AS A BRILLIANT MEMBER OF FASHIONABLE SOCIETY, FAVOURITE OF WOMEN—STAGING GLADIATORS' BLOODY CONTESTS—HIMSELF READING THROUGHOUT—THEN HIS DREAM OF BECOMING PONTIFEX MAXIMUS—POPE OF ROME—HIS MOTHER KISSING HIM AS HE LEFT FOR THE FORUM ON THE MORNING OF THE ELECTION. HE TELLS HER HE WILL RETURN AS PONTIFEX MAXIMUS OR SHE WILL NEVER SEE HIM MORE—OVERWHELMINGLY CHOSEN IN THE SENATE. FLASH BACK TO THE GROUP AT THE TABLE AND THE DINNER SCENE.

PERTAINING TO ACT II, SCENE II.

The Battle of Pharsalia was fought by the Roman aristocracy, in their own persons, in defense of their own supremacy. Senators and sons of Senators, ancient Roman families, leaders of society in Rome—in person on the field. Here are the Optimates in the Curia and the Forum, the haughty Patrician Guard who had drawn their swords on Caesar in the Senate house, whose theory of life was to lounge—through—it in their patrician carelessness.

The Plains of Pharsalia were watered by the precious blood of the elect of the earth. The battle there marked an epoch like no other in the history of the world.

Description of preparation for battle. For some days the two armies watch each other's movements. One morning on the Enipeus near Larissa the ninth of August old

style—end of May—Caesar's calendar—Caesar had broken up his camp and was preparing for his leisurely march when he noted a movement in Pompey's lines.

A council of war at dawn! Pompey had 47,000 Roman infantry—not counting allies. Caesar 22,000, and of horse only 1,000. Pompey's position carefully chosen—his right wing was covered by the Enipeus—the opposite bank was steep and wooded. His left spread out into the open plain of Pharsalia.

His plan of battle. To send cavalry forward outside over the open ground with clouds of archers and slingers to scatter Caesar's horses and then to wheel round and envelope his legions. *Caesar* had mostly Gauls and Germans—unequal to weight that would be thrown on them. Equal number of picked men he had trained to fight in their ranks—usual Roman form in battle was the triple line—Caesar formed a fourth to engage the cavalry. *Pompey* commands his own left with two legions which he had taken from Caesar.

Caesar with his favourite tenth was opposite Pompey—his two favourite tribunes Mark Antony and Cassius Longinus led the left and centre. Marcus Brutus was in Pompey's army—*Caesar* had given special direction that Brutus if recognized should not be injured. Before the action begins he speaks a few general words to such of his troops as could hear him.

Crastimus, a centurian of the tenth, called out 'Follow me, my comrades, and strike and strike home for your general. This one battle remains to be fought and he will have his rights and we our liberty.' Looking to Caesar he says, '*Pompey* orders his first line to stand still, to receive Caesar's charge—they would then be fresh.' The signal is given—

Caesar's front rank advances running—seeing no move on Pompeians' part—they halt for breath—then rush on—fling their darts and close swords in hand. Pompey's horses then bear down outflanking Caesar's right wing with the archers behind and between them raining showers of arrows. Caesar's cavalry gives way before the shock and the outer squadrons come wheeling round to the rear expecting that there would be no one to encounter them. The *fourth* surprised and shaken by the fierceness of attack, the Pompeians turn, break, gallop wildly off.

They never rallied or tried to rally. The archers were cut to pieces and the chosen corps having finished so easily, threw themselves on Pompey's left wing (once Caesar's—in Vingenne and Alesia).

POMPEY'S GREAT ARMY GAVE WAY AND FLED—HE LEFT IN THE BEGINNING OF THE BATTLE. (Froude.)

BATTLE OF MUNDA

(March 17, 46 B.C.)

THE scene of the last conflict, ending Civil War was on the plains of Munda. (The real, Munda near Cordova on the Guadalquivir.) 'Elements pregnant with auguries, images and sweated, the sky had blazed with meteors, celestial armies, the spirits of the past and the future battled among the constellations. UNFAVOURABLE signs to the Pompeians—the eagles of the legions had dropped the golden thunder bolts from the talons spread their wings—and had flown away to Caesar.

These men meant all to stand and kill or be killed as long as daylight lasted. Munda was at once blockaded—the enclosing wall was built of dead bodies pinned together with lances, and on the top of it a fringe of heads, on swords' points with the faces turned towards the town, 14,000 were taken when they surrendered and they were spared by Caesar.

(Caesar did not at once return to Italy. Not until late in the autumn did he reach Rome.) (Froude.)

SCENARIO NOTES

IN his youth Caesar lived with his mother in a small house in the Subura, the low part of Rome under the Viminal and Esquiline hills. It was an unfashionable quarter. It was noisy and full of traffic, leather sellers and shoemakers, but there were booksellers in the parallel Vicus Sandaliarius. At the top of the street was the Lacus Orphei, a sort of amphitheatrical depression with seats around it, and at the higher end a statue of Orpheus surrounded by beasts and birds. It was probably a lounging place for the people wherein to sit on a summer evening and listen to ballad singing. Here a street branched off to the fashionable Carinae, where on the slope now stands the Colosseum and the knights had their residences.

Caesar was not in good circumstances and the simple style in which his mother kept house was due almost certainly to straitened means as much as to choice.

Caesar was handsome and well-built, had courteous and easy manners and a graciousness that won all hearts.

He was scrupulously neat, even dainty about his clothing. When he spoke his voice was crystalline and flowed easily, simply, unladen and unobscured by flowers.

He had dark eyes, penetrating and not soft, a straight nose, well bridged. His mouth was regular but large or it may be the lips were unduly full. So careful was he not to ruffle his hair when he scratched his head that he put but one finger through his locks. His complexion pale olive, his cheeks full. He wore his toga ornamented with a purple stripe, girt loosely about him. On his finger was a signet ring engraved with the tutelary Venus victrix.

One may follow exactly the course taken by Caesar on the day of the murder. From the Regis, the pontifical house he occupied on the Via Sacra, he passed under the arch of Fabius into the Forum. Turning to the left by the Tuscan street, he reached the southern height of the Capitol. On his left was the temple of Good Fortune, before which on his day of triumph a wheel of his chariot had been broken. Then he passed through the Porta Carmentalis into the Fields of Mars.

At the moment of Caesar's entry into the Senate all arose. He had not been expected and his gilded chair had been removed. This was brought back and Caesar seated himself. Cimber, one of the confederates, approached him to ask the favour of the restoration of his brother who was exiled. Caesar hesitated. Then Cimber seized his toga and dragged it in such a manner as to expose his throat. This was the prearranged signal, and he cried out in Greek, 'Why do you delay?' Then he caught Caesar's hands and kissed them . . . the kiss of Judas.

FUNERAL

(Dean Merrivale's Account)

A FUNERAL pyre was constructed in the Field of Mars. (The laws forbade cremation within the walls.) The bier was a couch inlaid with ivory and strewn with vestments of gold and purple. At its head was suspended, in the fashion of a warrior's trophy, the toga in which the Dictator had been slain, pierced through by the assassin's daggers.

The body was borne by the highest magistrates and most dignified personages in the state. The spot was in front of the temple of Castor and Pollux. The little temple of Vesta was hard by, in which flickered the perennial fire, and the Puteal, the spot sacred to Jupiter, where once lightning had fallen. The house of the Vestal virgins was near the temple where the fire was maintained; and near this also was the house that Caesar occupied, the regia, the official residence of the chief pontiff, from which the body had been borne.

There was at that time a great square in front of the temples of Dioscuri and of Vesta, and it was in this square, paved with basaltic cobblestones that the shrine was erected in which Caesar's body lay, before it was raised to the rostrum from which the Consul was to pronounce his panegyric on the dead. Immediately behind the temples and the house of the Vestals abruptly rose the Palatine, crowned with the palaces and the gardens of the nobles, then as now thick with clusters of sombre ilexes and with here and there rising above them a funeral cypress and an umbrella pine.

But the volcanic rock at that time of the year, on the steep slopes, was vivid with fennel growing rank, and the lilac anemone starred every slip of grass.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF ANTONY

NOBILITY of grace and dignity of carriage. The well-grown beard, the low brow, the hawk-nose, combined to give him what we so admire in the busts of Hercules. A vigorous and well-developed physique which through indulgence became fat and coarse. (Baring-Gould, M.A.)



I

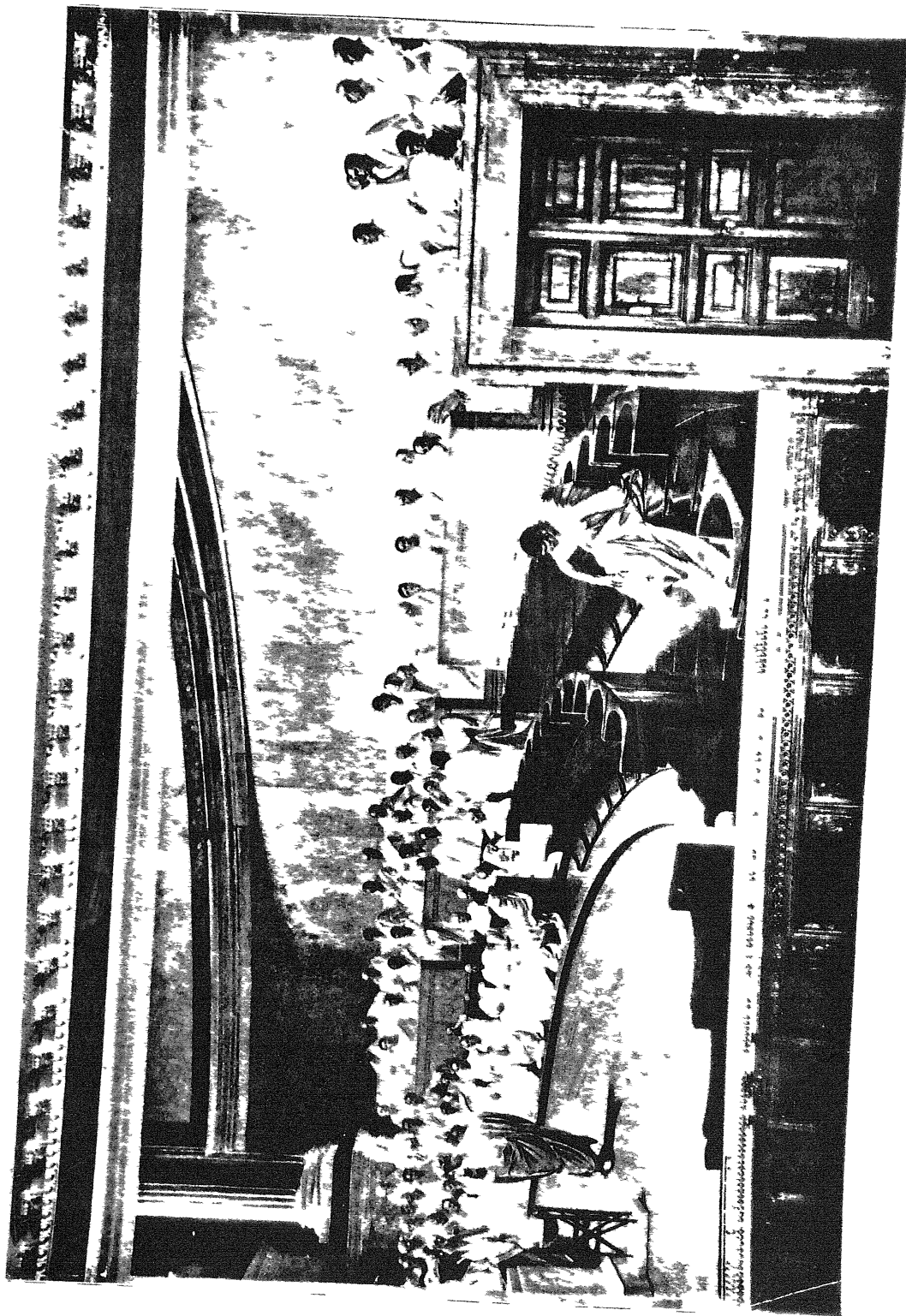
STATVA DI GIVLIO CESARE DITTATOR PERPETVO DELLA
ROMANA REPVBLICA PALVDATO, ET ARMATO

Nel Palazzo Capitolino



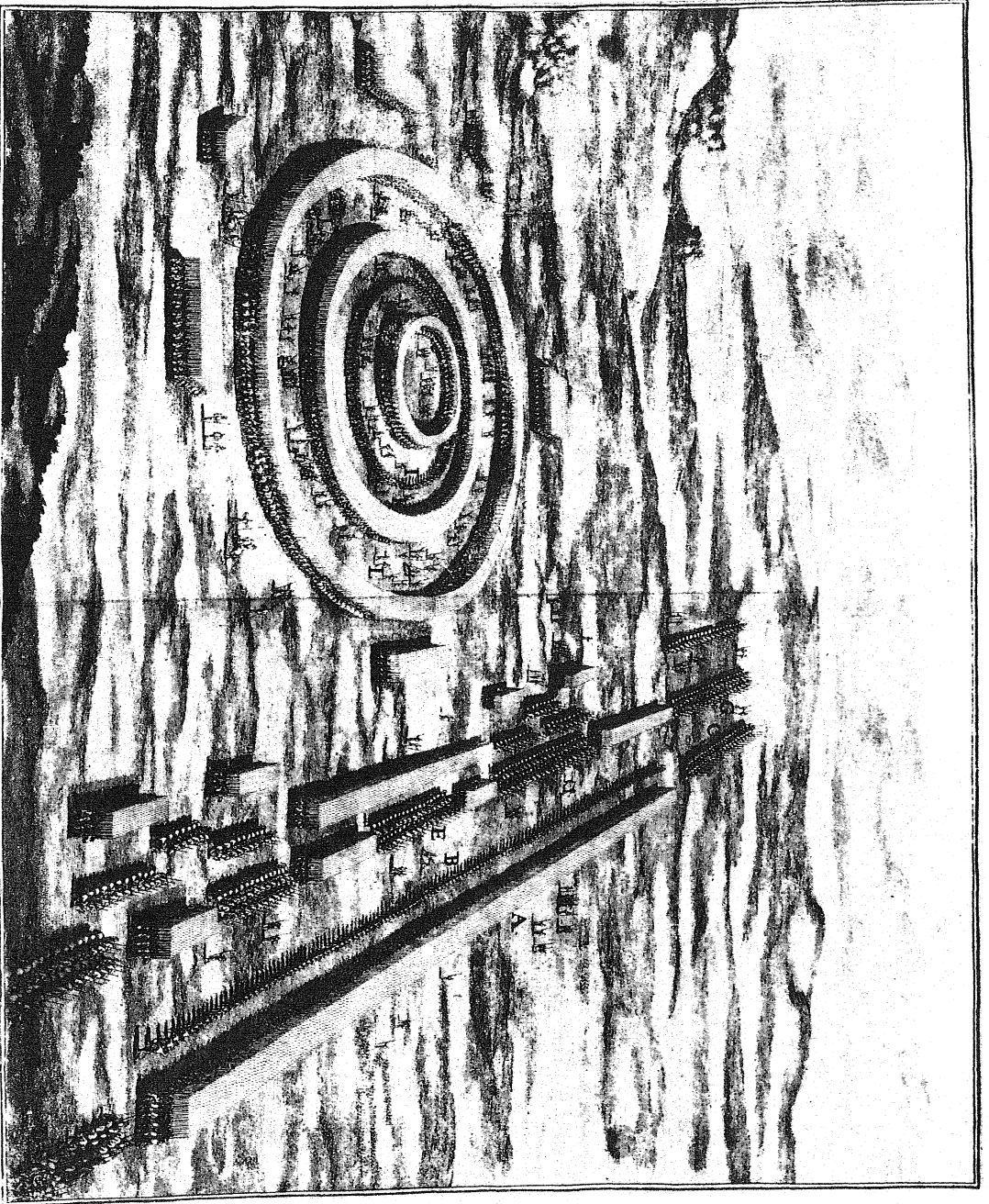
II

POMPEY THE GREAT



III

CATALINA PLADING WITH CICERO IN THE SENATE
FOR GREATER HARMONY



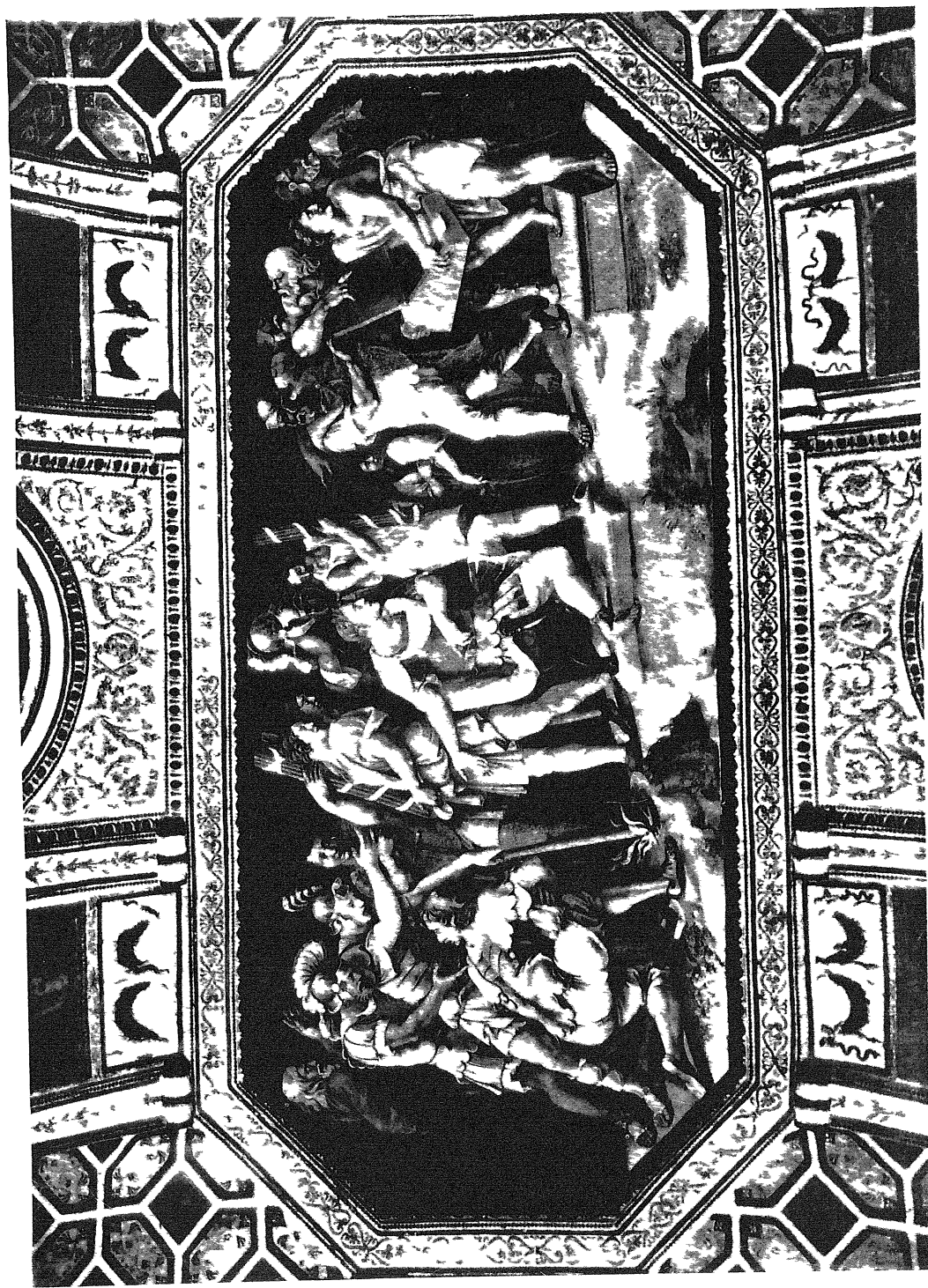
IV

THE TWO ARMIES ENCAMPED THE NIGHT BEFORE THE
BATTLE OF PHARSALIA



V

THE GENERALS' ASSEMBLY AT CAESAR'S TENT AFTER
THE BATTLE OF PHARSALIA



VI

CAESAR BURNING THE LICTORS OF POMPEY AFTER
CAESAR'S VICTORY AT PHARSALIA



VII

LANDING OF JULIUS CAESAR



VIII
CLEOPATRA



IX

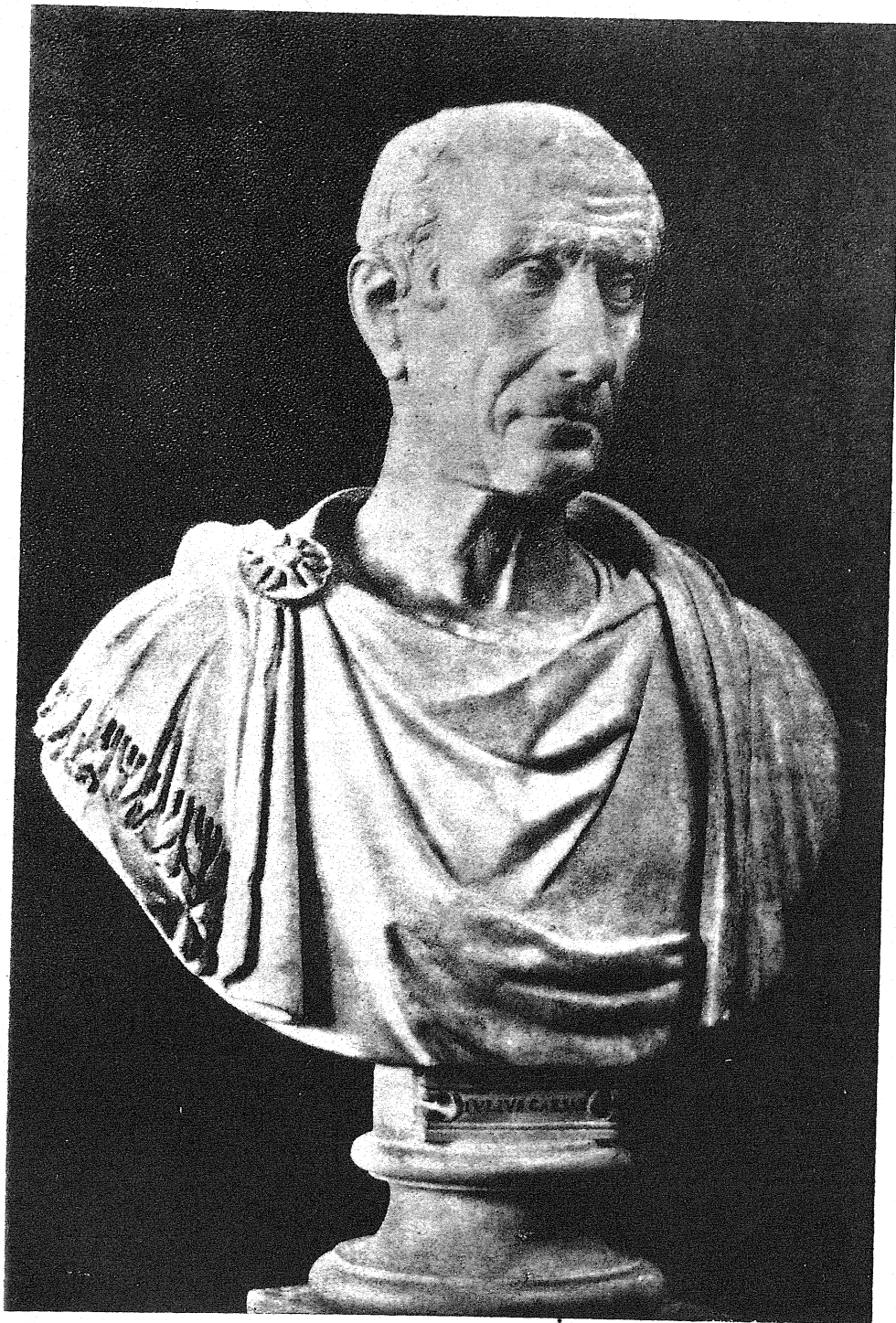
CAESAR'S TRIUMPH



X

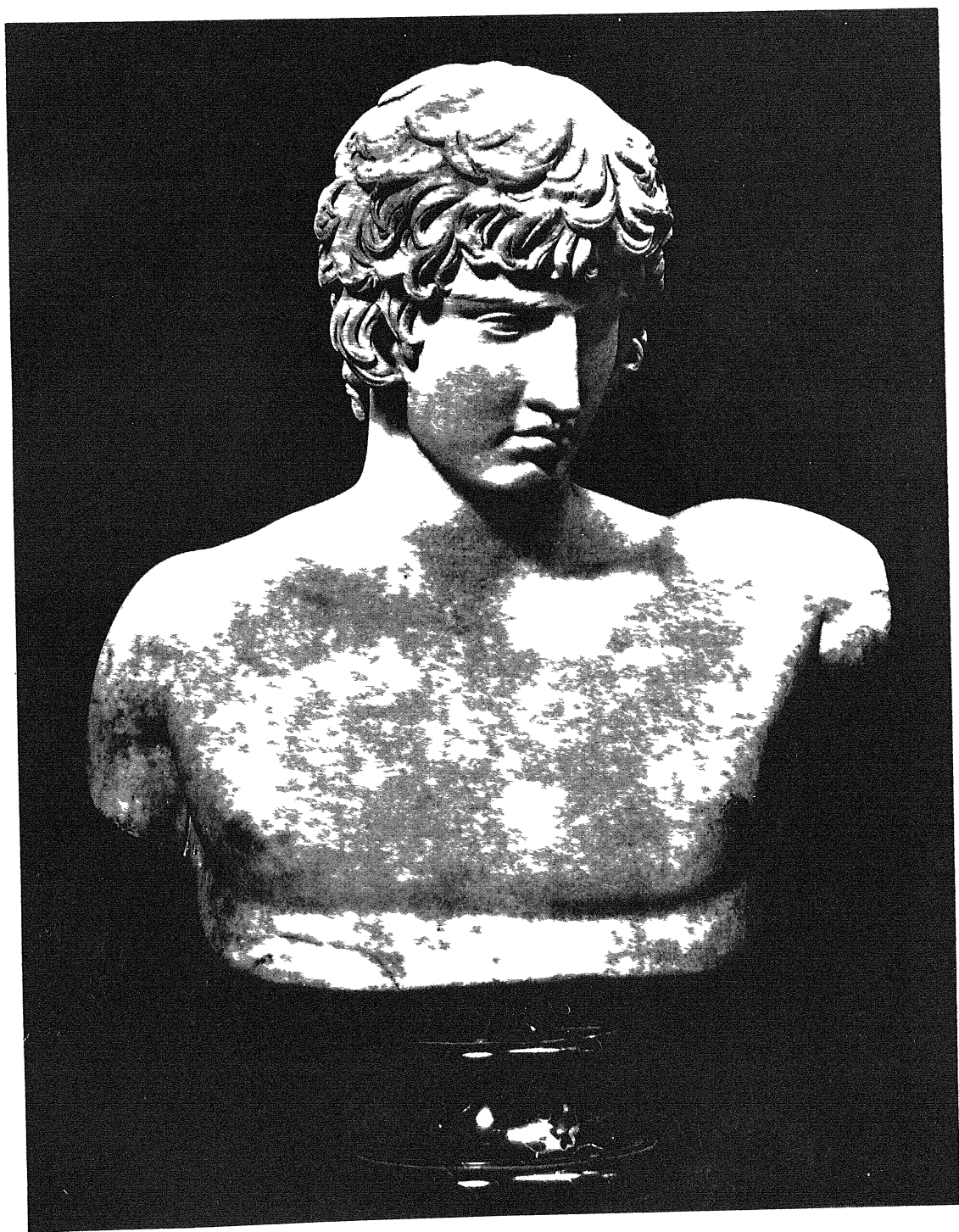
REPRESENTATION OF BATTLES FOUGHT & CITIES TAKEN



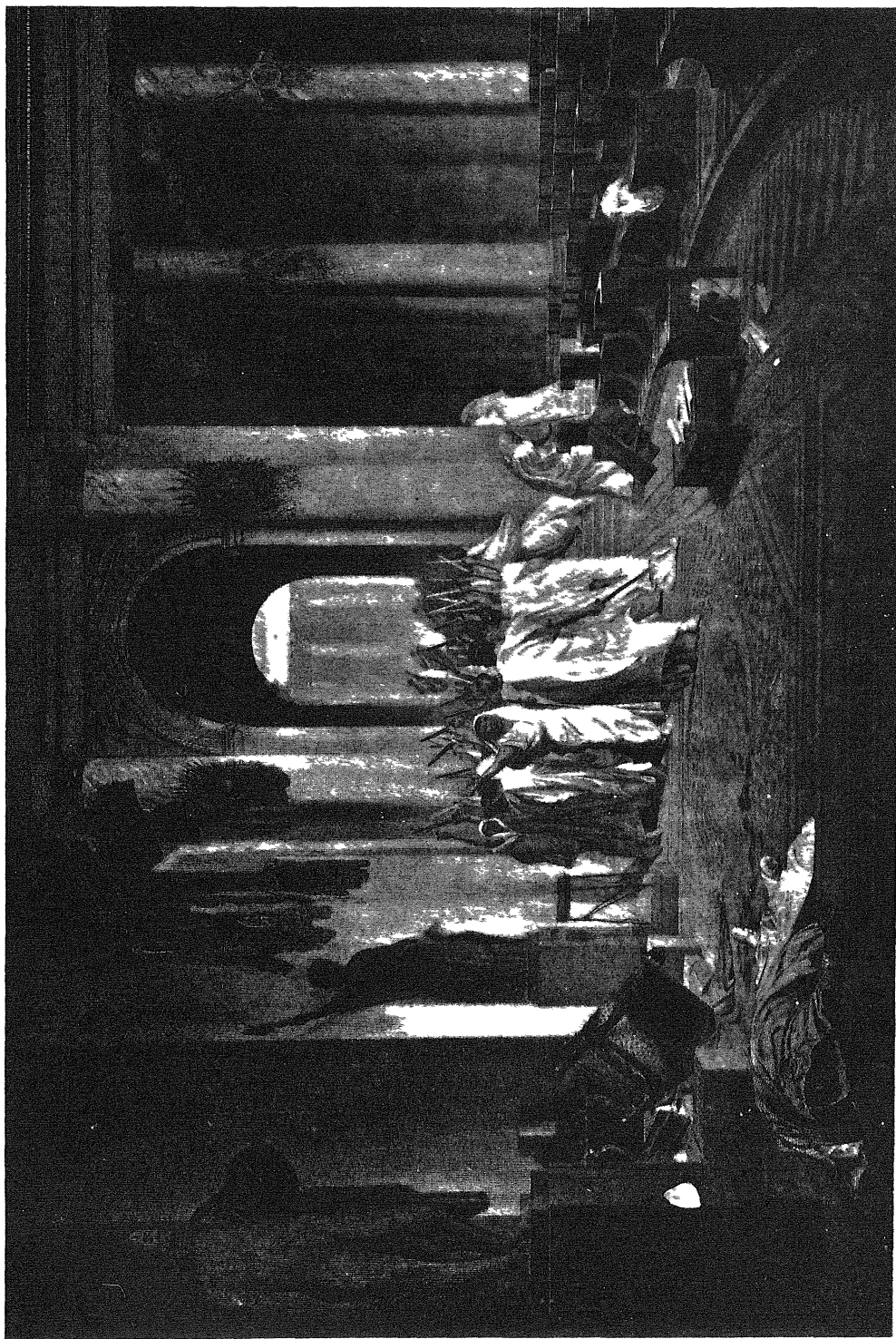


XII

JULIUS CAESAR

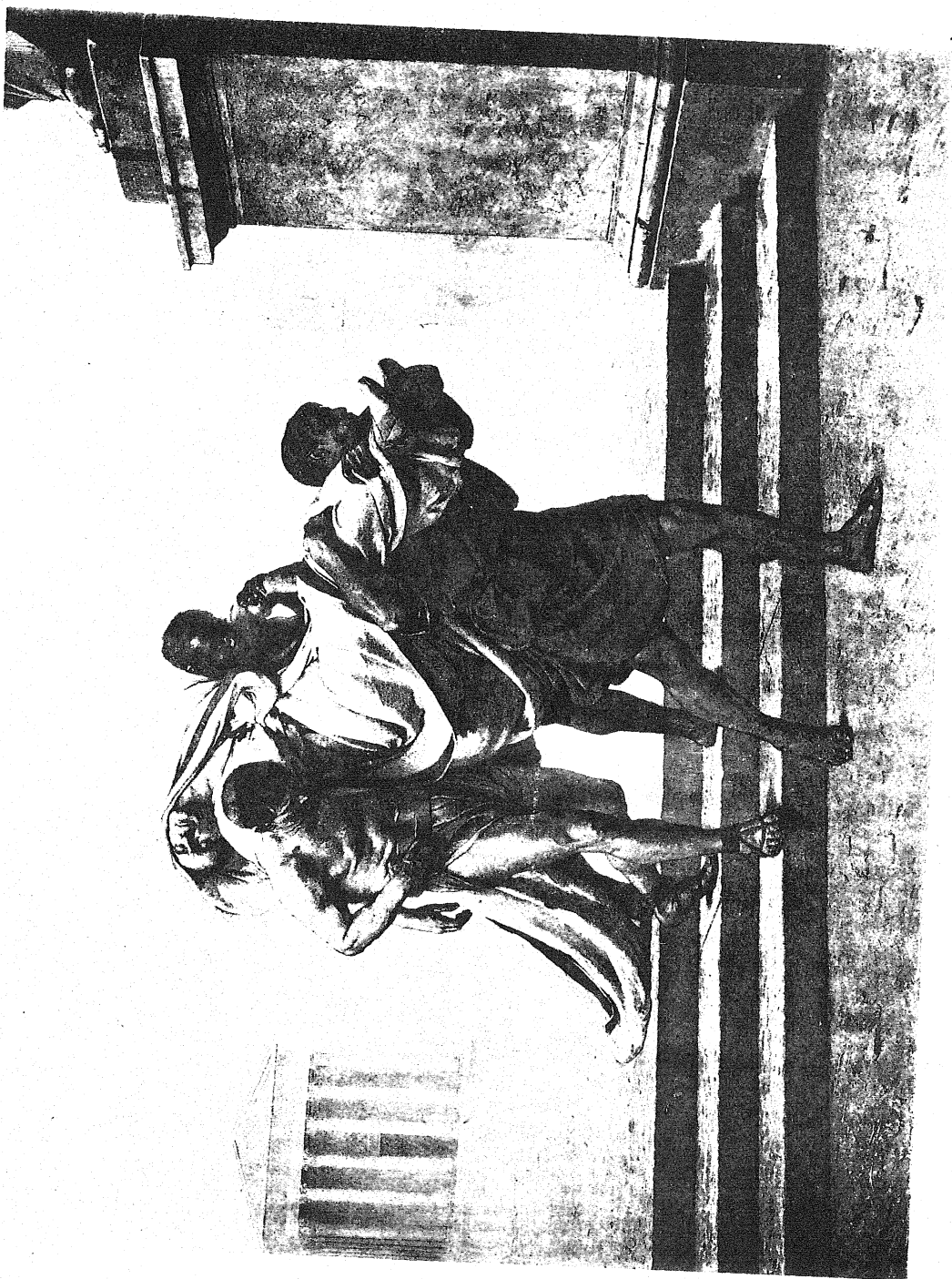


XIII
MARK ANTONY



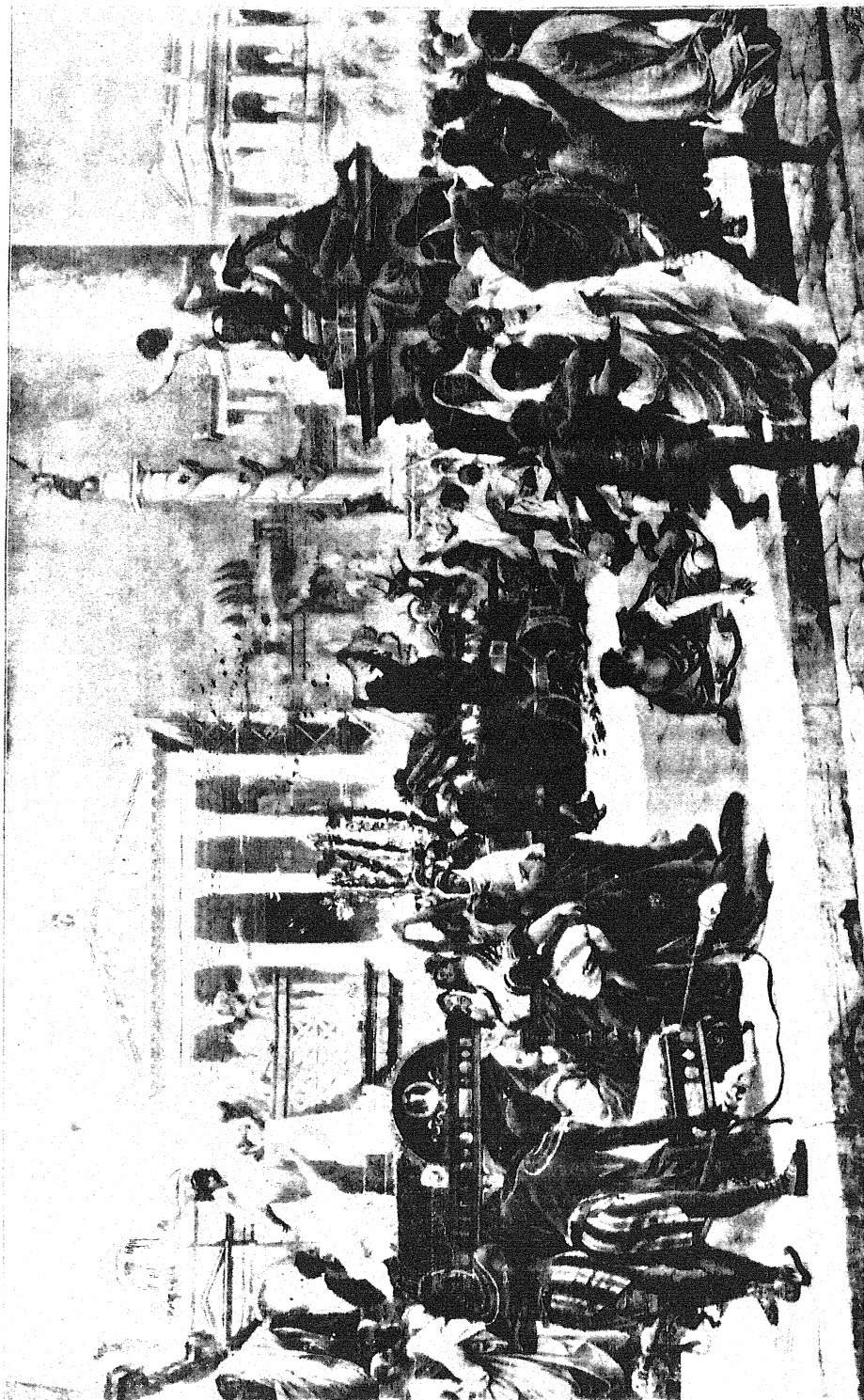
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THE MURDER OF JULIUS CAESAR



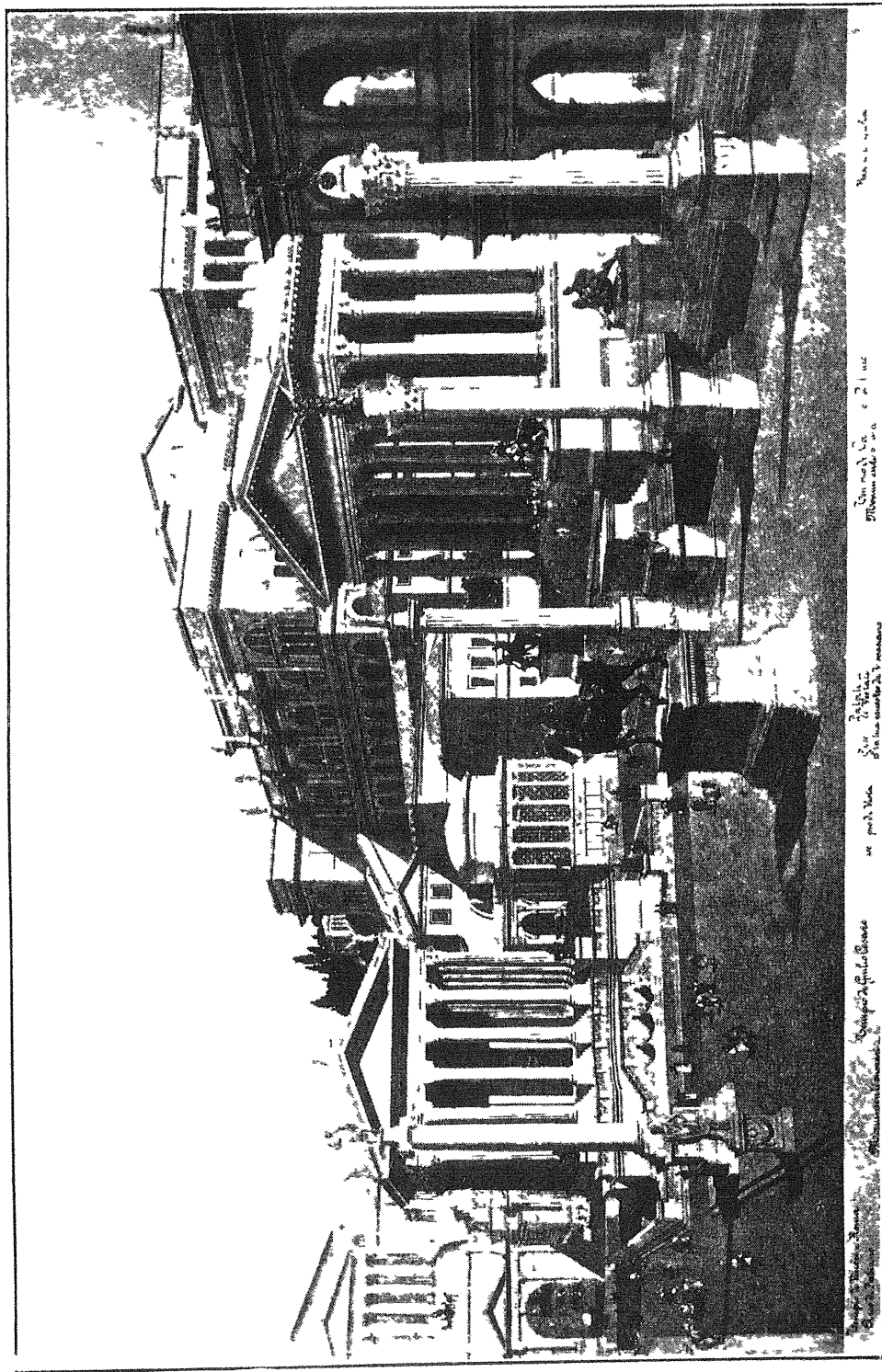
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THE BODY OF CAESAR



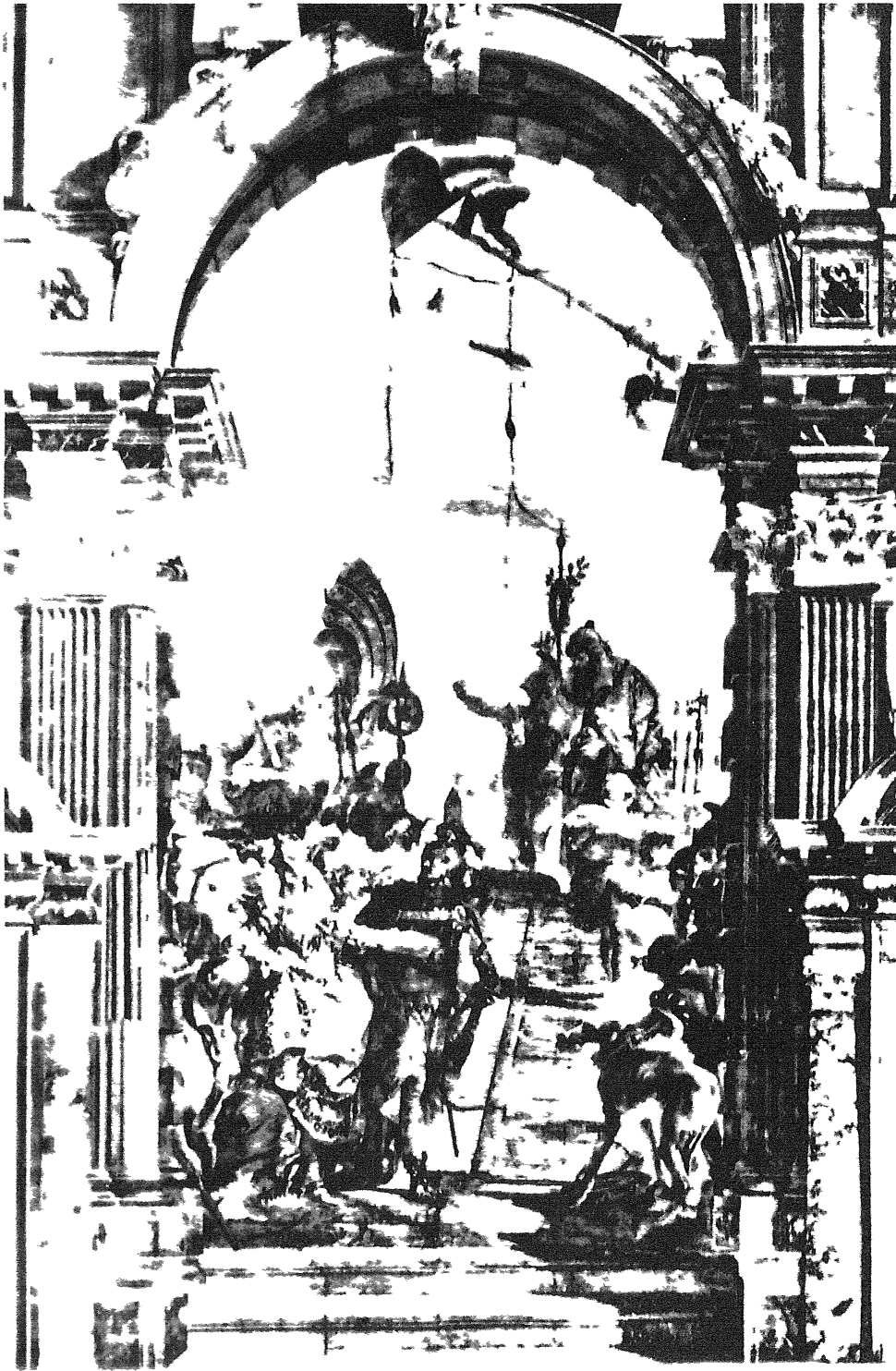
XVI

THE FUNERAL OF JULIUS CAESAR



XVII

THE RESTORED FORUM



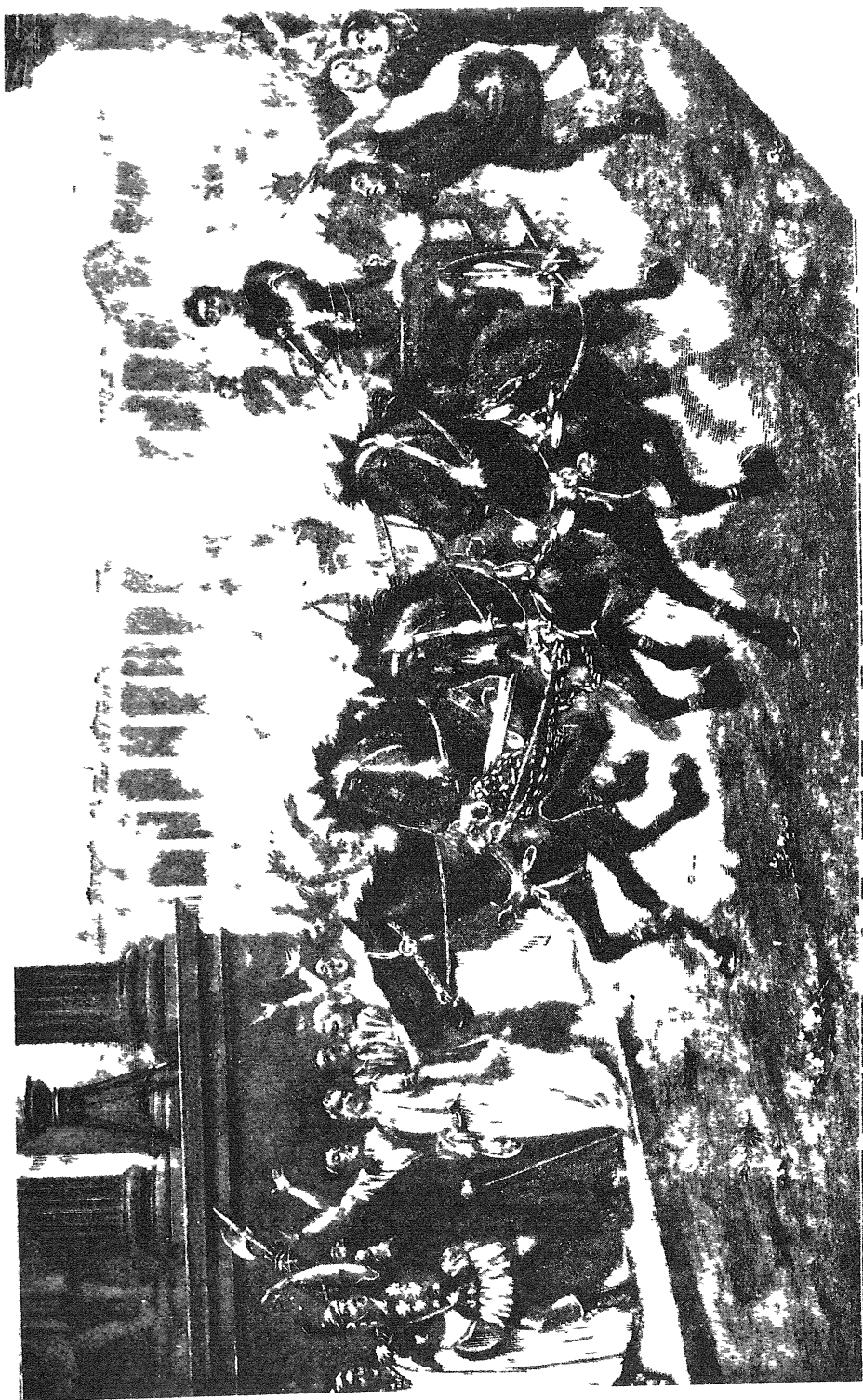
XVIII

THE EMBARKATION OF CLEOPATRA



XIX

MICHAEL ANGELO'S "CLEOPATRA"



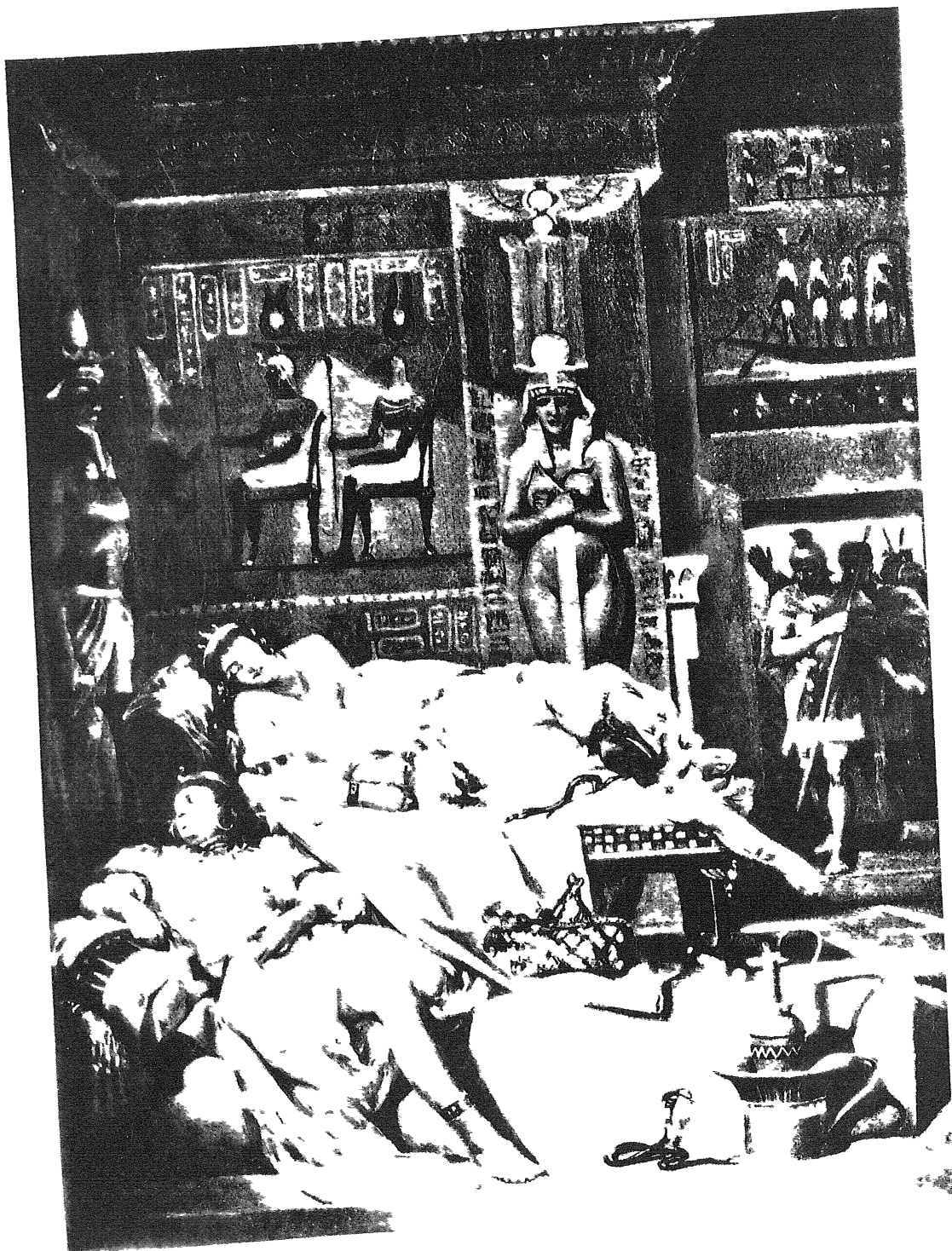
xx

THE VICTOR IN A CHARIOT RACE



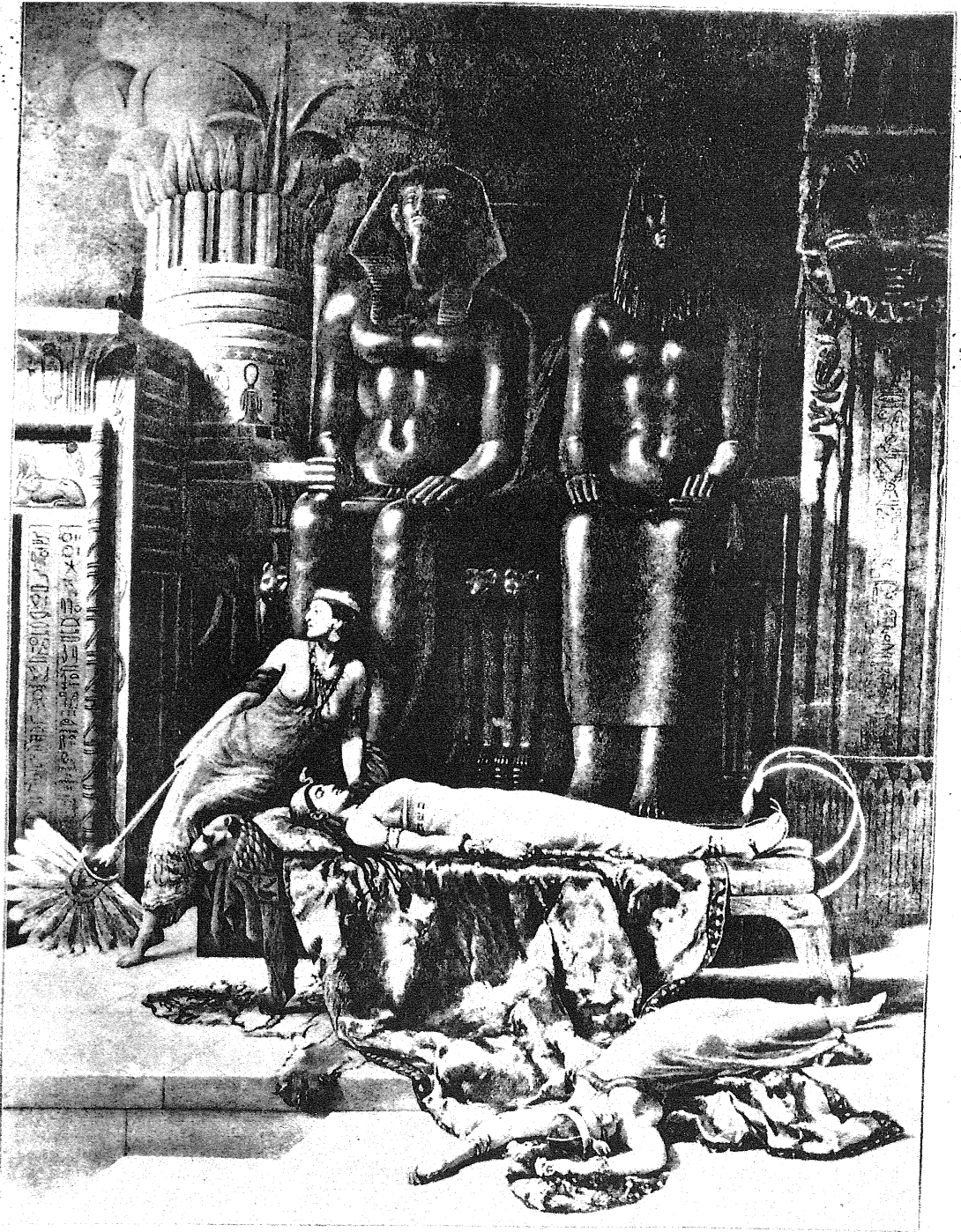
XXI

CLLOPA GRA TESTING THE POISON



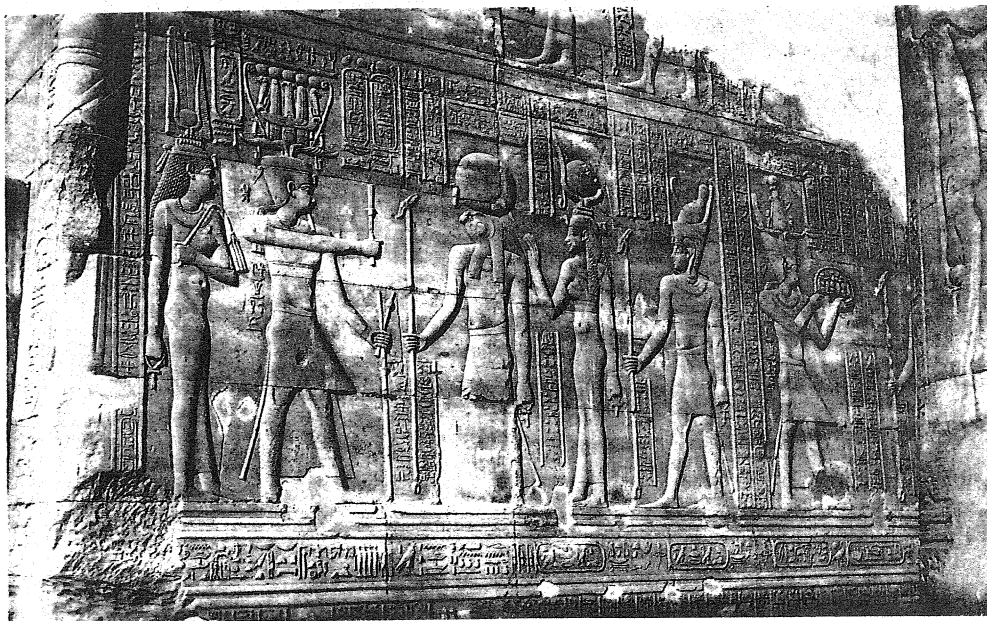
XXII

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA



XXIII

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA



XXIV

BAS-RELIEF OF CLEOPATRA—KOMOMBO TEMPLE

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